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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1909.

The Week.

President Taft's recommendation that political candidates and committees in Congressional and national elections be compelled by law to file a sworn statement of their expenses has not made much stir in this part of the country, but the West is receiving it with hearty approval. The Washington correspondents of the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Minneapolis Journal* have made a poll of the Senators and Representatives from fourteen of the States of the Middle West, and found that they are almost unanimously in favor of legislating to secure publicity of campaign expenditures. Of the 26 Senators who expressed themselves, 25 were for the plan, while only 11 of the 136 Representatives interviewed refused to commit themselves to it. The outlook is thus promising for a statute which will force party committees to do what the Democrats did voluntarily last year. When we remember how much was made of this in the campaign, and how great are the evils which may be hidden by the secret use of huge sums of money in elections, we cannot but hope that the "progressive" West will get its will on this subject written into law.

The long list of nominations sent to the Senate on Monday will at least end the harassing uncertainty to which our diplomats have been subjected ever since Mr. Taft took office. The President has followed the policy of promoting or transferring a number of men who by reason of long service are entitled to consideration; and in the main the appointments are excellent. That of Richard C. Kerens to Austria-Hungary is the exception. In this case, Mr. Taft has yielded to pressure. A railroad man and politician, long a business associate of Senator Elkins, three times candidate for Senator from Missouri, Kerens represents a type whose political activity the country has come to look upon with dissatisfaction and suspicion. The very fact that he was among the largest contributors to the Taft campaign fund ought in common decency to have

barred him from any appointive office. The appointment of Mr. Bacon to Paris, where he is likely to repeat the success of Gen. Horace Porter, represents no such compromise. Mr. Bacon has many of the qualities that belong to the successful diplomat, and his experience in the State Department and in business should aid him at this time when the question of our trade relations with France is so pressing. Upon the excellent promise of Mr. Calhoun's appointment to China, we have already commented. Henry T. Gage, ex-Governor of California, goes to Portugal as minister without previous diplomatic service. Charles W. Russell, minister to Persia, is an assistant attorney-general, with experience gained on several semi-diplomatic missions, notably to Cuba and Panama; and Laurits S. Swenson of Minnesota, now sent to Switzerland, was a successful minister to Denmark for eight years. All the other appointments are of men now or formerly in the service who have done well in less important positions.

A Congressional investigation into the matters at issue between Ballinger and Pinchot cannot come too soon. Even Mr. Taft's good nature is not large enough to hold permanently under control a pair of fiery chargers pulling in opposite directions and kicking up in the process an unconscionable amount of mud. Reasonable men were willing to accept the President's painstaking review of the charges against Mr. Ballinger; but there are also men whose suspicions of Ballinger have refused to yield to reason, just as there are still other men whose suspicions are evidently kept alive by self-interest. Reasonable men have been willing to interpret Mr. Pinchot's hostility to the Secretary of the Interior as arising from a keen and sincere sense of duty. But there are rumors that the Chief Forester, in his zeal for a good cause, has resorted to methods of campaigning which may turn out to be unfair and which certainly are of very questionable propriety for an employee of the United States Government engaged in controversy with a fellow-employee. Meanwhile the public at large has been asked to base its opinion on *ex parte* state-

ments, on technical rejoinders, and altogether on dribblets and snippets of testimony out of a complicated mass that must be thoroughly sifted before the truth can be got at. An investigation free from the slightest look of whitewash is called for by a quarrel that affects to a considerable degree even the President of the United States.

Secretary MacVeagh's official statement of Saturday, that bonds other than United States Government issues will no longer be accepted as security for deposit of public money with banks, and that in case of deposits now secured by railway and municipal bonds, such collateral must, by next February, be replaced by United States bonds, has several aspects. Our Treasury is not now a large depositor in the banks, for the simple reason that it has no surplus revenue to deposit. Only \$51,000,000 of Government moneys is thus held by banks at present, as against the \$249,000,000 in December, 1907, and the \$147,000,000 even in the middle of 1908. Of the present deposits, some \$9,900,000 are secured by State, railway, and municipal bonds, and for that the Government 2 per cents, which are virtually the only United States bonds available, must now be substituted. The Secretary's action is important, first, as receding for all public deposits from the policy adopted by Secretary Shaw in the tight-money days of 1902—a policy of very questionable legality, and pretty plainly recognized as such, in a recent speech, even by Senator Aldrich. The secondary importance of the action, and perhaps its primary purpose, is its possible effectiveness in sustaining the price of the United States 2 per cents in face of the impending new issues of Government 3 per cents. This is of itself an artificial expedient, and might be open to criticism on that ground, but for the entire propriety of dislodging the miscellaneous securities from the Government's accounts. Under the "Aldrich amendments" of 1907, the Treasury would apparently have the right to restrict collateral against public deposits to the 2 per cent. bonds, and to exclude even other higher-rate United States issues. But this would hardly be a probable recourse.

The introduction in the House of Representatives of the American Bar Association's bill to bring about reforms in the practice of the United States courts should prove to be a turning-point in the history of our methods of judicial procedure generally. If an effective improvement is made in the Federal courts, there is every reason to expect that practice in State courts will undergo a like beneficial change. The importance of limiting the possibilities of appeal to cases in which substantial ground for reopening a case is presented has become so generally recognized that the attainment of this object is, as a matter of course, the foremost aim of the bill. The preposterous abuse of the right of appeal has been responsible for an incalculable amount of mischief. In civil cases, it has caused such delay and expense as not only to impose a most serious burden, but to constitute practically an absolute denial of justice to persons of moderate means. In the domain of criminal law, the injury has lain not so much in specific failures and delays of justice as in the moral effect of the spectacle of trials dragged out endlessly, their issue apparently depending on meaningless technicalities, and the operation of justice presenting itself to the general mind as a matter of luck or skill or persistence rather than as the working of a great principle.

With the conviction of the five indicted Sugar Trust weighers, Mr. Stimson and his associates will take courage in the prosecution of their work, and especially in making every possible effort to secure the punishment of those primarily responsible for the thefts. Counsel for the defence had laid stress on the fact that any frauds there may have been were committed for the benefit of the Trust, and that it was therefore the big men in the Trust, and not these hired workmen, who were the real criminals; and Mr. Stimson, in his closing speech, felt it proper to express his full concurrence with the opposing counsel as to "the relative degree of moral guilt," and to declare that he regarded it as his clear duty "to take all necessary steps to bring them [the men higher up] to punishment." The disagreement of the jury in the case of Bender-nagel, cashier at the Havemeyers & Elder Refinery, will not lessen the activity of

the prosecution in this direction; it should be remembered that the chief plea in behalf of this defendant was that he acted under orders, without any guilty knowledge of the frauds covered by the payments he was making. Whether this defence was sound or not, a second trial may determine; meanwhile, Gerbracht, superintendent of the Havemeyers & Elder plant, has been indicted by the grand jury and is awaiting trial. The first point has been gained by the Government—the men who did the direct and tangible work of cheating have been convicted; if this simple result had proved too difficult to obtain, the whole matter would have looked hopeless. As it is, there is ground for looking forward to results that are vastly more important and that will be of permanent value.

Between President Taft and Senator La Follette, according to a Milwaukee dispatch, there is intense hostility. "It will be open war without any direct declaration of war." La Follette is not to be recognized in any way in the distribution of Federal patronage in Wisconsin. It is all to go to Senator Stephenson and the State Chairman, who is not a La Follette man. And the pity of it is that all this dire wrath of Achilles is said to be due to "personal strictures upon the President by La Follette in his magazine." What shall it profit a man to gain a magazine and lose the offices? Or what will a public man give in exchange for the offices? La Follette, at any rate, shows that his guns are not all spiked, for the latest issue of his magazine intimates the fear that President Taft is holding back his special messages until he learns what Aldrich and Cannon want him to say. We think that the only way to answer that is to cut off the head of one La Follette collector of customs and remove three postmasters.

Maryland is one of the States in which the working of the Public Service Commissions in New York, and of similar bodies in two or three other States, has attracted a great deal of interest. The movement in favor of establishing such a commission in Maryland has had the hearty support of the leading newspapers, and of public opinion generally. A bill has now

been drafted by Attorney-General Straus, and its provisions are drawn mainly on the lines of the New York Public Utilities act, though features embodied in the laws of Wisconsin and Massachusetts have also been utilized. The bill is very comprehensive, including the regulation of railways, street-railways, gas, electric-light, telephone, and telegraph companies as to rates, character of service, issues of stocks and bonds, etc. The commission is to consist of three members, appointed by the Governor, and their pay, which is not fully specified in the present draft, is to be large enough to secure the full services of competent men.

First in interest among the twenty-four public measures which Gov. Deneen has summoned the Illinois Legislature in special session to consider, is direct primary legislation. Illinois in the last five years has enacted three direct primary laws and has seen them all declared invalid by the courts. The first law, passed in July, 1905, was held invalid the following April primarily on the ground that it discriminated between Cook County and the rest of the State. The second law, in force July 1, 1906, was nullified in October, 1907, on the ground of wrongful delegation of powers, insufficient provisions for registration, and interference with the elector's right to cast a cumulative vote for members of the Legislature. The last two reasons accounted for the invalidation of the third law which went into force in July, 1908, and was quashed the following June. Beneath the bludgeonings of chance, Gov. Deneen comes forth with a new measure embodied in a series of five bills, formed so as to meet the objections of the courts. A direct plurality primary is provided for county offices, and for all incorporated municipalities having a population of 5,000 or above, leaving the system optional for all other cities. Members of the Legislature are likewise to be nominated by direct plurality under such provisions as shall enable the voter to express his preferential choice among three candidates; among these he may distribute three votes, or he may plump them for one man. An advisory vote for President and Vice-President of the United States and United States Senator is also provided for, the plurality being taken for the State at large. A significant

feature is that embodied in the last of the five bills, which provides that municipalities may substitute nomination by petition for the direct primary by a referendum vote.

Should packages marked in writing "Not to be opened until Christmas" be allowed to go through the mails at the low rates applying to merchandise and printed matter, or should they be charged with letter-postage rates? After the proper amount of solemn analysis on the part of the proper authorities, it was decided that such an inscription constituted a personal communication, and therefore the package must be paid for at first-class postage rates. Now, there is really no occasion for this overshadowing fear of the written word which seems to weigh upon the minds of post-office authorities the world over, and which is the source of an endless amount of petty annoyance and difficulty to those who use the mails. The distinction between first-class, or letter, postage and the other classes is no doubt very important from the standpoint of revenue; and post-office authorities naturally feel the importance of this consideration. But they seem universally to have overlooked the fact that, so far as concerns the revenue, only the *single letter rate*—two cents in this country, for instance—is of any importance. The revenue that is obtained from overweight letters is quite insignificant. Accordingly, all this bother about written matter accompanying books and packages could be got rid of, with practically no loss of revenue, by simply requiring a minimum postage of two cents on any package containing written matter. That is, merchandise would pay merchandise rates, books would pay book rates, quite regardless of the question whether they carried written matter or not, provided only that there was as much postage on them as would carry an ordinary letter—two cents. This would not only result, as we have said, in no loss of revenue worth mentioning; it would almost certainly result in an increase of revenue, owing to the freer use of the mails which it would encourage.

William Watson's brother, Mr. Robinson Watson of Montreal, in a statement as admirable in form as it is moving in substance, has brought the recent dis-

trepping episode concerning the distinguished poet to a not unexpected end. The long interview published immediately after his arrival in this country showed too clear evidence of an unbalanced mind, even if it had not been matter of pretty general knowledge that the poet had, a number of years ago, passed through a period of mental illness. Mr. Robinson Watson's statement as to the origin of that former attack is of the highest interest, connecting it with the production of the noble poem on the death of Tennyson under circumstances of extraordinary strain, with the poet's previous struggles with poverty, and with the shock of joy and relief caused by signal and substantial recognition coming at that time. It can but be matter for sincere regret that a way was not found to keep this man of high and fine nature, who represents today as do few others the best traditions of English poetry, out of the newspaper whirlpool. But it is reasonable to hope that, wide as has been the publicity given to what looked like an unpardonable offence on his part, the episode will now be forgotten and William Watson restored, in the eyes of all the world, to the place to which the spiritual nobility as well as the literary excellence of his work entitles him.

"From my knowledge of the working men of the North," writes a correspondent of the *London Spectator*, "I am quite certain that if Mr. Balfour definitely states that in order to broaden the basis of taxation he will advocate a duty on foreign manufactured articles only, he will win Lancashire, which, as you know, has a great influence on the voters at the later elections; but if there is the slightest doubt in the minds of the operatives with respect to a tariff on foodstuffs, he will assuredly lose." Whether this forecast is correct or not, it gives an interesting picture of that state of mind which is at the bottom of the strength of protectionism the world over. The Lancashire workingman, it happens, has been brought up with such a strong feeling of the importance to him of free trade in food that his fear of the effect of a tariff on foodstuffs may outweigh his desire for a tariff on manufactured goods which would help him in the home market; but, aside from that, his leading thought probably is that he would like foreign com-

petition ruled out from his own particular field. And once the protective system is actually established, this desire outweighs all others connected with the question. Each beneficiary desires to hold on to his part of "the pork," and only a few go beyond this consideration so far as to strike a balance of advantages and disadvantages, even for themselves, not to speak of the country as a whole. It is easy to see why, when a protectionist régime has once been started, it is almost impossible to bring it to an end.

In the College of Cardinals there is an unusual number of vacancies, and several American archbishops have been candidates for a red hat. But they are likely to be disappointed, if we may believe the well-informed Vatican correspondent of the *Corriere della Sera*. He gives it as the semi-official opinion that, of the nine or ten new cardinals to be created about the middle of January, not one will be American. Bound by the concordat with Portugal, Pius X will bestow the cardinalate on Monsignor Bello, Patriarch of Lisbon. At least three Italians will be chosen—Granito di Belmonte, Papal nuncio at Vienna, almost surely, and two workers, like Monsignor Lugari, Assessor of the Holy Office, and Monsignor Giustini, secretary of the Congregation of the Sacrament. France, whose normal supply of cardinals is seven, has now only three. Monsignor Amette, Archbishop of Paris, is slated for one of the honors, although his opinions have not been sufficiently ultramontane to satisfy the Jesuits. To offset him, Monsignor Cabrières, Archbishop of Montpellier, an aristocrat and thoroughgoing reactionary, may be selected. Monsignor Jubillard, Archbishop of Cambéry, is the third possibility among French prelates. One red hat is to go to a Spaniard, and another to an Austrian. Finally, Monsignor Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, is to receive the honor which is long over-due. The death of Father George Tyrrell, ex-Jesuit and ablest of all the Modernists, has brought a lull in Dr. Bourne's jurisdiction, so that the Vatican can promote him without misgivings. Yet, as the Italian motto runs, "a cardinal is only a caprice of the Pope," the cisatlantic monsignori may continue to hope until Pius X speaks in the consistory.

AN HISTORIC SWINDLE.

The collapse of Cook's case before the University of Copenhagen completely puts an end to his claim to the discovery of the North Pole, and with equal completeness establishes his standing as one of the monumental impostors of history. Those who, like ourselves, have, by the constant exercise of self-restraint, hitherto refrained from pronouncing an unqualified judgment, are now entitled to say that they are astonished at their own moderation; and yet all the while there have been some voices honestly raised to complain that Cook was not getting fair play. As a matter of fact, he has been getting treatment far more favorable than he was in any way entitled to on the face of the facts, and far more favorable than he could possibly have received had it not been for the unfortunate and amazing blunder made by the Copenhagen authorities in the first place. What can have passed in the two hours' examination that he underwent in September at the hands of the rector of the university and the professor of astronomy is now the only mystery remaining to be cleared up; but the world at large assumed that, before the University granted Cook the doctorate, its authorities had found some basis for the action more substantial than Cook's mere assertion that he had reached the Pole.

Aside from the conferring of the Copenhagen doctorate, that bare assertion has remained, to this day, literally all that the world has had to go upon. To say that in demanding more than such an assertion before admitting him to the enjoyment of his honors critics have been wanting in the exercise of fair play, is to make justice ridiculous. But this does not yet begin fairly to describe the situation. It was not the mere absence of proof that counted against Cook; hardly a day passed without adding cogent positive grounds of suspicion to this negative one. Not to speak of the inherent improbability of his story, with its killing of musk oxen with improvised bows and arrows, and other things almost as hard to swallow, there was strong evidence of fraud in his alleged astronomical observations. The absurd accuracy he claimed for his determinations of latitude might have been ascribed to ignorance or inexperience; but his longitudes, carefully set down all the way up to the pole, could

be explained only as pure fabrications, for no amount of ignorance would enable him to imagine that he was determining his longitude by any observations of the sun he could make when within a day or two's journey from the Pole. As for such assertions as that in which Cook calmly stated that he "advanced the fifteen seconds"—a quarter of a mile!—lacking to the Pole, or that wonderful reference to "local noon" at the Pole itself, these trifles were charitably passed over with very little comment, though either of them, rigorously judged, would have been of itself almost fatal to his credit.

However, it is human to err, and there might be some way of explaining all this. But here came in the other big factor in the case, and that the most damning of all—the human factor. Confronted with the fact that he was suspected of fraud by the great majority of the scientific men of his own country and England, Cook has never from the beginning taken a single step to free himself from the imputation. So far as we know he has not had a talk with a single reputable scientific man designed to set him straight before honest critics. Nothing would have been easier, so far as the main grounds of suspicion were concerned, than to dispose of them by meeting a committee of impartial scientists and answering such pertinent questions as they might put. Far from courting such an examination, he went around lecturing to large paying audiences, and when that came to an end kept himself carefully out of the way. Meanwhile he was charged with imposture in the Mt. McKinley affair, and adopted similar tactics in that matter; the climax of this part of his adventure being reached when the Montana audience whom he tried to convince of his honesty, voted him down after Barrill had denounced him face to face. Seeing that the only basis for the acceptance of his claim—except the hasty judgment at Copenhagen in September—lay in Cook's own word, was it going too far to say that that basis broke down utterly when he persistently violated the first requirements of the conduct of a man of honor? Indeed, the behavior of some of the Cook people can be explained only on the supposition that they hold any man who says he has made a discovery to be entitled

to all the honors thereof until the contrary has been absolutely proved.

In foisting this fraud upon the world, Cook was guilty of much more than an injury to the man whose laurels he was falsely claiming. It has been a great loss to all the world that one of those rare events in which mankind spontaneously finds occasion for triumph and rejoicing was converted into a time of noxious wrangling. As for Peary himself, he has been defrauded of something which can never be restored to him. The enthusiasm which in the first instance would have hailed the accomplishment of a feat that heroic venturers for three generations had strenuously sought to compass, can never be resuscitated out of the possibilities of the past. Such is the temper of man. False as it has been proved, the claim of the cheap swindler has dimmed the lustre of the true discoverer's achievement. He will receive the full acknowledgment that his work merits, in the form of recognition from scientific and other bodies and of a sure place in history; but the joy of the acclaim that should have greeted him at the triumphant close of his twenty-three years' quest can never be his. And one more word of regret is in order. The denunciations of Cook's story telegraphed by Peary from the far North were made the occasion of criticisms which are now shown to have been unjust. That Cook was an outright impostor, without the slightest title to consideration, was doubtless as well known to Peary from the beginning as it is to us all now; we could not make allowance for the state of his knowledge, as he did not make allowance for the state of ours. Finally, in bidding this strange story good-bye, there is one reflection that must be of great comfort to all Americans—that the fount and origin of these woes was not in the action of any half-baked institution of our own country, but in the ill-considered impulsiveness of the authorities of an ancient European institution of learning, in whose discretion we are not to be blamed for having reposed some degree of confidence.

PROFESSIONAL ARMY TRAINING.

Gen. Leonard Wood's appointment as chief of staff of the army to succeed Gen. Bell will undoubtedly start anew the discussion about the value of pro-

professional training in the army. Since Mr. Root's reorganization of the service, officers have studied more diligently than ever before. In addition to graduate schools for engineers, artillery, cavalry, and infantry, there is a staff college at Fort Leavenworth as well as a War College in Washington. But the spectacle is now presented of the appointment to the most influential position of one who attended neither West Point, nor any other military school in or outside of the army; who was, until eleven years ago in the active practice of medicine and surgery; who never drilled a company in his life; whose experience as a regimental commander lasted but two months in 1898. Many officers will not fail to say, with a good deal of force, that if a man of this education and experience, trained for a totally different profession, is entitled to what is practically the headship of the army, all the laborious studying of the modern officer is needless. They will with justice point out that such a happening would be impossible in any other country than our own. Here the belief still persists that any man can abandon the plough and become at once a competent colonel or general.

All of this feeling is not due to jealousy of Gen. Wood, or to his personality. The opinion of the army, as it comes to us, is that Gen. Wood's unflagging activities, physical vigor, and genuine ability have won him the respect of many who felt bitterly aggrieved at his being made a general. It is known that Mr. Taft formed a high opinion of Gen. Wood's energy and worth as he observed them in the Philippines. Such personal criticism as remains attaches to Gen. Wood's insatiable ambition and to other personal characteristics which we have neither the inclination nor the space to discuss at this time. We would merely point out to-day that while nobody is permitted to enter the line of the navy save by way of Annapolis, or, in a few cases, after long service in the forecabin; while the bars are being put up around the consular and diplomatic services, army officers complain because youths from civil life without adequate preparation or examination are almost daily being commissioned officers even in branches like the Coast and Field Artillery, which demand elaborate technical knowledge. In other words, it is said that despite all its educational facilities for a

man after he enters the service, the army has not yet been able to get recognition from the War Department or Congress that it is now a specialized profession demanding as high standards of fitness as any other scientific or semi-scientific calling. Two weeks ago, for instance, four corporals and sergeants were appointed second lieutenants in the Field Artillery, a branch of the service with which they were totally unfamiliar.

Upon this point, we have recently received this protest from an infantry officer of the highest standing:

In the navy all officers have to run the gantlet of four years at the Naval Academy, they have two years' probation at sea before they are commissioned, they are examined at every promotion, and the ineligible either drop out voluntarily before reaching high rank, or are forced out by elimination. Just contrast this with the army. We have the most elementary examination for entrance for those from civil life and the ranks; in the line, examinations cease with captains; the only test field officers have is the easy ride and a physical examination, against which many of them protest. The condition is absurd.

Now, we are not among those who think that every army officer should be a graduate of West Point; that would tend to narrow the service dangerously. The men who have come up from the ranks keep the corps of officers in closer touch with barrack-room conditions than would otherwise be the case; those who are carefully selected from civil life bring in a fresh and different point of view, and, if they are diligent, may easily become valuable officers. Gen. W. W. Wotherspoon, now president of the army war college and lately assistant chief of staff, is an excellent example of the officer who comes in from civil life and attains high standing in his profession. The trouble is that not sufficient care is taken in selecting the men to enter either from the ranks or civil life, and in promptly eliminating them, if they are lacking in soldierly qualities, just as the navy now weeds out midshipmen for what it merely calls "ineptitude."

Far too often politics interferes; men who are found disqualified are permitted to enter by the waiving of this or that defect. The designation of candidates for examinations is too often done by politicians. Indeed, the army, even after seven years of Mr. Roosevelt, who vowed early in his Presidency that he would separate the service from politics, might

almost be called the last refuge of the spoilsman. Congress gladly increased it in 1901, because there were then a thousand or more places to fill; and the army has paid ever since by one scandal after another for the many worthless political protégés who were foisted upon it—often after examining boards had rendered an unfavorable verdict in their cases. The great majority of courts-martial in the service to-day is of men who came in from the ranks, civil life, or the volunteers. But worse is the ease with which men who do not study but prefer to stagnate, remain in the army. For this the service is in part to blame in that the examining boards are not rigid enough. A recent Secretary of War once said that the difficulty was this: "Retiring boards do not retire, survey boards do not survey, and examining boards do not examine." The army retorts that it cannot be expected to do its duty when it is so often overruled for political reasons by the War Department. This condition can only be remedied when politics is excluded, precisely as it is from the navy, on the ground of the high requirements of the military profession. But Congress cannot be expected to take its hands off so long as the Executive and the War Department together place in positions of importance men who owe their successes to other reasons than scientific training, adequate service with troops, and genuine military achievements. No matter how great the fitness of Gen. Wood to-day, the safe rule is to educate and train your generals, not *after*, but before they become generals.

IRELAND AND THE LORDS.

The full commitment of the Irish Nationalists to the Liberal party, for the pending campaign, sharply points the danger which all along lay in the course of the House of Lords. If the Liberals win and come back to power with a popular mandate for Irish home rule, how can the Lords resist it? On their own showing, they would be bound to submit to the will of the voters. Their motion throwing out the budget was framed on the theory that the people must first be consulted about so important a matter. But when you consult the people you have to take their whole mind. Since Mr. Asquith's explicit declaration for Irish control of Irish af-

fairs that question, too, becomes one of the things on which the electors will be asked to record their will. The Lords have appealed to Cæsar, and if Cæsar decides for a large measure of local government in Ireland, how can they hereafter withstand the verdict which they have ostentatiously sought?

This hazard in the action of the Lords was clearly laid before them by many thoughtful and cautious statesmen. Lord Rosebery warned them that they were risking the loss of their entire veto power. So did Lord Balfour of Burleigh; while a large body of sober-minded Conservatives, whose opinions were admirably expressed by an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, argued that it was a terribly mistaken policy, for the sake of a mere temporary and tactical advantage, to throw the whole make-up and power of the House of Lords into the melting-pot of a general election. The case, as they put it, was as follows: The right of the Lords to veto a money bill was at least highly questionable. Even granting that it could be defended, was not its exercise at this juncture more perilous than would be its waiving? Budgets come and go. What is done one year may be undone the next. And the great value of the veto lodged with the second chamber lay in its being reserved for serious national crises, when the unity of the Empire or its necessary defence might depend upon the Lords in opposition to ill-judged action by the Commons. This very matter of Irish home rule was adduced. The Lords had defeated it once, but could they again if the whole question of their right to veto legislation were put to the people and decided adversely? In vetoing a single budget, the upper house might disable itself from ever vetoing another bill of any kind, no matter how radical. This was the powerful argument from consequences to which the heady Lords would give no heed. But the disagreeable consequences are already coming. The hearty espousing of the Liberal cause by the Irish must have brought home to many a peer the words of Sir John Eliot in 1628: "None have gone about to break Parliaments but in the end Parliaments have broken them."

In its practical effect upon the election of a new House of Commons, the determination of the Irish to support the Liberals may not mean the winning

of many seats. Of course, the Nationalists hope to maintain their own Irish representation intact, and probably will be able to do so, despite the announced purpose of the Conservatives to contest every constituency in Ireland. The chief interest turns on what the Irish vote in England will do. It is large enough in some constituencies to hold the balance of power, but it is highly doubtful that the Liberal candidates will get the whole of it. The official influence of English Catholics has been pretty favorable to the Conservatives in recent years, especially on account of their attitude towards church schools. The Duke of Norfolk, the premier peer of England, is a Catholic, and is naturally one of the stoutest champions of the Conservatives. The Liberals may well be advised, therefore, not to count too confidently upon having all the votes of Irish Catholics in England. They are probably not "deliverable." Moreover, the obvious interest of the Nationalists is not to have too large a Liberal majority in the Commons. For the past four years, the Irish have played an insignificant rôle at Westminster, largely because the Ministry had such an enormous majority that it never needed them. It would please Ireland better if there could be a return to the conditions of 1884-86, when neither party could carry on the government without the aid of the Irish members. Yet it would remain true that a large Liberal majority pledged to home rule for Ireland could send a bill to give it effect up to the Lords with a greater show of popular demand than would attach to a measure dependent upon Irish votes in Parliament. Thus one sees how mixed are the motives which will enter into the casting of ballots next month by Irishmen in England.

Election forecasts are notoriously more precarious than even weather predictions. Extreme partisans are cocksure; cool-headed men suspend judgment. Joseph Chamberlain, from his sick-room in Birmingham, prophesies a great Liberal defeat. Winston Churchill is sure that the Conservatives will be smashed. Mr. Haldane holds a more measured opinion. He points out that at least 40 per cent. of the voters in England are men who go little to public meetings, take part in no political demonstrations, and gravitate now to the Liberal side, now to the Conserva-

tive. They do not advertise what they are going to do this time. Yet the fact remains that the present composition of parties is such that there will be need of an even greater landslide against the Liberals in this election than there was in their favor in 1906, if the Conservatives are to return with a majority. There are to-day only 168 Conservative members of the House. The Liberals, with the aid of the Labor members and the Irish, can muster 502 votes on a division. Hence the Conservatives might win 176 seats and still be short of a majority over all. Where can they make gains? Confessedly, only in England. A half-dozen seats may be picked up in Ireland and Scotland, but even the most hopeful Conservative arithmeticians admit that they must look to the 465 English constituencies. Of these, the Conservatives hold 138. Out of the remaining 327, the Conservatives must win, say, 170, if they are to have any majority at all. In view of these cold figures it is not surprising to learn that the betting odds at Lloyds are 3 to 1 on a Liberal victory.

KINGS IN BUSINESS.

There is no need to enter into a personal appraisal of Leopold II, King of the Belgians. History has usually employed a double standard for such purposes. It weighs the king and the individual. A monarch may be a good king and a bad man, a bad king and a good man, or doubly good. For Leopold II, we need a three-fold category. He was a good king, as kings go, in Belgium; he was a bad king in the Congo, and he was a most unedifying example of personal conduct. Belgium, under him, has prospered; and, in part, the country's prosperity is ascribed to the King's efforts from the beginning of his reign to extend Belgian commerce and industry. But it should be remembered that Belgium is the ancient Flanders, the old industrial centre of Europe, the most congested working population in the civilized world, and that its high state of economic development is rooted deeper than in the personal efforts of any one man.

Leopold's other great service to his subjects, and the first in importance, is commonly found in the organization of the Congo Free State. Whether Belgium will have reason to be grateful to him

for the creation of a colonial empire which its own efforts could never have achieved, time alone will show. In these latter days of imperialism, broad colonial acres pass for an unquestioned blessing in themselves. But to Belgium's annual \$1,300,000,000 of foreign commerce, Congo has never contributed more than seventeen or eighteen millions, a little more than one per cent. It is not colonies that, to the little nation of seven million people, have given seventh place absolutely among the great trading nations, and no less than second place if we count relatively to population. On the other hand, it is certain that Belgium has inherited in the Congo a problem of immense difficulty and with it an evil reputation which it will take decades to live down.

To the reputation of Leopold II, of course, the Congo attaches as a perpetual stain. His original motives in building up a vast domain for himself in the heart of Africa may have been all that his eulogists have claimed. But there is no doubt that the man who may have founded the Congo Free State for civilizing purposes became the head of a thoroughly vicious political and economic system. The English critics of the Leopoldian régime in the Congo may have been guilty of bias and exaggeration. But it was no answer to their charges to argue that conditions under the civilized rule of a European monarch were really not so bad as they were in the old days of cannibalism and witch-hunting.

The parcelling out of a great part of the Free State into concessions to rubber-gathering companies in which Leopold was a stockholder, the removal of the natives from the soil, the practice of forced labor as the general form of taxation, all go to make up a classic illustration of what perils are involved to civilization when kings go into the money-making business. By the side of Leopold's Congo ventures, Prince Albert of Monaco makes a respectable living at the roulette-wheel and the card-table. Respectable by comparison are the means by which Spanish-American dictators managed to provide for themselves a peaceful old age among the Parisian kings in exile. Direct extortion by a monarch has behind it the authority if not the sanction of the ages. But it is shocking that the privileges of sovereignty should be employed for the

purposes of drumming up business. Between the barbarian king who cuts off heads with his own hands and the modern king who cuts off coupons on which the dividends are paid in human life, the choice is hard to make.

The Russo-Japanese war was probably hastened by the operations of a group of Russian grand dukes who speculated in timber concessions on the Yalu River. Behind the Jameson raid and the South African war rumor placed certain exalted names deeply interested in Transvaal mining shares. The fact is that kings and rulers of the earth, ever since they have been put on the civil list, have been subjected to the temptations that beset the ordinary man of wealth. The future of monarchy the world over is not so unclouded that a prudent regard for the welfare of one's progeny is altogether amiss among heads that wear a crown. The harm comes when the king and the speculator or man of business get mixed.

THE UNDERGRADUATE AS POLITICIAN.

When Gov. Hughes said at Yale that our politics would be regenerated if college men were always honest, he struck a blow at a cherished and ancient illusion. Commencement orators since no one knows when have blandly assumed that the graduating classes represent the moral yeast of the younger generation—the "picked recruits," as George William Curtis expressed it, marching out "with beating drums and flying colors to join the army." To Senators and Congressmen with a message from the ensanguined field, the college boy of the annual June fiction appears defective in some respects. But in accordance with a fine old tradition, his defects are always represented as those of the angels. He is portrayed as a wide-eyed stranger from Utopia entering upon a noisy and iniquitous conflict with his heart full of innocence and his head full of beautiful dreams. This fair impeachment has been attached not merely to the newly-fledged columns, but to the graduate of long standing, also. College breeding has, in the political world, been made synonymous with lily-handed fastidiousness, with airy superiority, with cultivated indifference, with meddlesome and unpractical idealism—with anything you please

except with successful and dishonest politics. Yet this disinterested visionary, it seems, is as much an illusion as the "noble savage."

The pain of this disillusion would be somewhat assuaged if we were still able to reply that the college man leaves his Alma Mater, at least, *integer vitæ, scelerisque purus*. But the corrupted currents of the extra-academic world are not alone responsible for the undoing of the "picked recruits." As a matter of fact, many of the young men welcomed on commencement day into a wider field of virtuous activity are already accomplished politicians on a not entirely insignificant scale. They have carved out a career in a community of several hundred members—ample scope for the development of nascent political talent. They have dealt with political groups in the form of classes, clubs, fraternities, and unclassified "barbarians." They have been interested in innumerable offices, and have duly weighed their honors and honorariums. As managers of various undergraduate organizations—musical, theatrical, journalistic, athletic—they have arranged tours of the United States, and even trips to Europe, and have received and disbursed thousands of dollars. They have undertaken the construction of public works of general utility—sumptuous students' unions, expensive grandstands, class-monuments, incomparable cinder tracks. By necessity they have familiarized themselves with the means of levying taxes, both direct and indirect. Now that students have undertaken their own education and are training themselves for "efficiency," it is sheer nonsense to talk about the cloistered walks of the academic life. The democracy in which the undergraduate has his being differs in few essential respects from that in which his elders move and breathe.

Under present conditions, there is no visible reason why it should produce honester politicians than a New England village. On the contrary, several things make it a rather inferior training-school for honest politicians. It is not provincial and homogeneous, like a New England village, but heterogeneous and cosmopolitan, like a great city. It is constituted of few Puritan and many Cavalier consciences—the college student hates a Roundhead. Except for athletics, as the president of Harvard declared in his inaugural ad-

dress, it has no common interests. It may demand open competition and choice of the best men for its athletic teams—though even here there are rumors of favoritism. On most other questions it falls apart into cliques and rings which—experienced undergraduates confess—draw up their “slates,” and dicker and bargain over candidates with all the secrecy and skill of their betters. Active electioneers hustle negligent voters to the polling-places in automobiles. It is whispered that students have been bribed to cast the correct ballot by the payment of their class taxes. The gentle art of “seeing” the faculty—the men “higher up”—in behalf of disqualified athletes is notorious. That the financial management of the miscellaneous functions and organizations of college life is often absurdly extravagant is felt by the outside world as well as by the purses of parents. That managers are sometimes consciously and disgracefully wasteful, that they have been known to enter private luxuries under the head of “incidental expenses,” is a fact that occasionally is carried into the dean’s office, where, like a corpse in a morgue, it is decently covered. About such matters as these the undergraduate press—there is unfortunately no Opposition sheet—is always as silent as the grave. Yet it is popularly held that the college man in politics is a fool!

We have no Morrison’s Pill for purging all the distempers of the undergraduate body politic. Some of them spring from the original corruption of human nature. Some of them are fostered by the centres of aristocratic and plutocratic exclusiveness against which the president of Princeton has been making experimental attacks. Some of them must continue till the reign of the athletic ring is broken. But suppression of sheer extravagance, wastefulness, and actual dishonesty on the part of student treasurers, business-managers, and executive committees would seem to be completely within the control of college authorities. There is no obvious reason why every chartered organization of any importance could not be compelled to render to faculty auditors an exact account of every dollar received and expended. In most of our leading institutions, perhaps, some sort of auditing committee is, in fact, already established. But its work is

too frequently performed in an entirely mechanical and perfunctory fashion. It looks to see if accounts balance, but does not inquire very curiously for itemized bills or vouchers. The intelligent but unscrupulous student easily learns to conceal slipshod bookkeeping and to doctor discrepancies till all looks right to the casual eye. Though this kind of training may be of inestimable service to him in later life, it will not hasten the political millennium. Those who believe still, in spite of everything, that education is the forming of character, should look pretty closely into the educational value of undergraduate activities.

LOUISA SHORE.

I.

Several years ago, as I was turning over the volumes mouldering in the ten-cent box before a book-stall, I found a copy of Louisa Shore’s “Poems,”* and chanced upon the lines in the “Elegies” in which she expresses her longing to give some form of shadowy life to her lost brother and sister:

For, could we link their memories to the chain
Of souls whose lights in long procession move
From Past to Future, so might yearning love
Behold their buried beauty live again.

And I vowed then, as I took the soiled volume with me, that some day I would do what I could, at least by large quotation, to extend to a few others who might care for such things the charm that these verses had exercised upon myself. Let me add at once that I am under no delusion in regard to their place in literature or in regard to the power of criticism to resuscitate what is forgotten. If Louisa Shore were a great poet she would need no such memorial as this; as she is but one of the minor poets, the world, under its burden of the present, will pass her by with the other “souls that sleep.” This I know; yet withal, the feminine grace of her art, like a faint perfume that teases recollection, and her protest of love and regret for those who went from her into the world’s forgetfulness, have stirred a kind of echoed desire to see, if merely for a day or two, her own “buried beauty live again.”

Of the life of the poet the main events are given in the Memoir. She was the youngest of three girls, Emily, Arabella, and Louisa, born to the Rev. Thomas Shore, who maintained himself in quiet

independence by preparing a succession of young men, some of them of distinguished families, for college, and, after the maturity of his daughters, by taking in younger pupils. Louisa was born in 1824 and died in 1895. Her early years were passed chiefly near Everton and in the New Forest. In 1838, the family broke up their home, and went to Madeira in the hope of saving the life of Emily, who was wasting away with consumption. Here the invalid, the most gifted of the sisters, lingered in waning health for six months, leaving behind her the memory of a thing frail and precious and ephemeral. After a while the family returned to England, and lived in a number of places. Successive deaths left the two remaining sisters finally alone, in a union sanctified by memories and bereavements. Though not without friendships and interests in the practical world, Louisa passed much of her time in retirement, and courted long periods of solitude. As a child, she was very fair, and it was, no doubt, as much her appearance as her gentle ways that led a friend to speak of her “violet life.” She published five volumes of lyrical and dramatic poems, the best of which, with the exception of “Hannibal, a Drama in Two Parts,” are printed, together with Early Poems and various unfinished pieces, in the volume edited by Arabella.

II.

Though we know, and need to know, little of so uneventful a life, we are fortunate in possessing a unique account of the atmosphere, so to speak, in which the sisters passed their childhood, and of the influences that shaped their minds. From July 5, 1831, when she was eleven and a half years old, until June 24, 1839, a fortnight before her death, Emily kept a diary from which full extracts have been published.* It is a curious volume, childish at once and precocious, with little entertainment for the world at large, but having a pathetic interest for those who cherish the beauty of eager souls expanding in “the untrodden ways.” Of happenings there is no record, save the changing of homes, and a visit in her seventeenth year to Devonshire. Here there is the faint adumbration of a love story; and the account of a picnic in which she and her respectful admirer sketch romantic scenes and quote Byron and Shelley, after the approved fashion of the day, introduces a note of youthfulness for which she afterwards felt remorse as for an undue surrender to frivolity. Of the wooing that followed and of the separation on prudential grounds only bare hints are given; “over all things like these,” as the editor of the “Journal” remarks, “the intense maiden modesty of her

*“Poems.” By Louisa Shore. With a Memoir by her sister, Arabella Shore, and an Appreciation by Frederic Harrison. London and New York: John Lane, 1897.—The original issues of her works are out of print and not easily procured.

*“Journal of Emily Shore.” London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd. 1891.

nature kept a seal." It was characteristic of this awe of her own heart that the expansive freedom of love went to her lover's sister rather than to himself.

But nature and books were her real passion. Botanizing and birdlore, taken with portentous seriousness by most cultivated Englishmen of her day, were with her almost a function of religion. A new flower discovered in a swamp was a more rapturous event than the speech of a lover, and through years of study she became profoundly cunning in distinguishing the songs not only of different species but of different birds in the same species. One of her complaints in the time of illness was that she could not rise at four or five o'clock in the morning and make her observations. Nor were the imaginative aspects of nature forgotten in these pursuits. It is not every miss of fourteen who can see with so clear an eye and can record in her diary the impressions of an early autumn night so poetically as this:

Not a breath of wind stirred the leaves of a tree, and scarce a cloud was visible in the heavens, while the clear, silvery light of the moon contrasted beautifully with the dark shadows of the thick foliage. The bats were flying silently about in the twilight before the moon shone forth, and the wakeful robin had not yet ceased his sweet plaintive song, while at a distance in the wood sounded the deep hoot of the owl. The occasional falling of the rose leaves, which looked as white as snow in the darkness, added much to the interest of the scene. I could not persuade myself to go to bed, but sat up a long time looking out of my window.

The dropping petals of the rose, as if they were a symbol or foreboding of her own fragility, seem to have haunted her fancy. Four years later, in the New Forest, she expressed the same thought in a poem of regret for her old home and her lost health:

Oh, for one laughing morn of May,
When all was beautiful and gay;
When, far from human sound or sight,
I sought my chamber's quiet height!
There would my spirit wander free
O'er study's deep enchanted sea,
Pausing at times to rest awhile
In rapture on some magic isle;
And still, the open casement through,
Gales redolent of roses blew.

Oh, for one calm September even,
Which I have thought was dropt from
heaven,
So still that I could almost hear
The rose-leaves as they softly fell:
So lucid all the atmosphere,
I could each glistening dewdrop tell.

Study was, indeed, to her a deep-enchanted sea, and the only wonder is that the frail bark of her health did not founder in it sooner. It is pathetic to read of the languages and sciences and chronologies she tried to carry in her childish brain, not to mention the library

of dramas and novels and histories she was herself composing. Her mind, so long as any health remained, was never relaxed. While dressing, she learned by heart chapters of the Bible; she read Gibbon while curling her hair at night; and at meals she conned her arithmetic, history, and geography. There is something hectic and pitiful in all this expense of youth, to which no fruit of maturity was allowed. In the clearer vision that came to her before her death, she saw and lamented her feverish impatience:

A mind that like some plant has grown
Too fast with vigor not its own,
Sprung from too glowing soil, and fed
With fancy's dews too thickly shed.
O'erwrought, excited, 'twas at length
Too full of blossom for lasting strength.

III.

Her real achievement was the passion of regret she was able to leave in her sister Louisa's heart. It may be that I have carried something of the pathos of the "Journal" itself into the reading of the "Elegies," and, indeed, my aim in quoting so largely from the "Journal" has been to convey to others what I could of this adventitious spell; yet I must think that the poetry of loss and long-cherished love has not often been more sincerely and poignantly written than in these lines, or the dream-image of memory more sharply etched:

Now all that girlhood, now that flushed,
intense,
Young fever, are a whisper of the night,
A faint sweet resurrection, a strange sense
Of absence unexplained till morning light.

But the "Elegies" have a double burden. Of the two sons of the family, one, led, no doubt, by his kinship to the Teignmouths, went to India, in pursuit of fortune; the younger emigrated to Australia, and on the way home, after a long and painful exile, perished at sea. The suspense of waiting for news of the shipwrecked vessel and the tragedy of the story when it came, made an indelible impression on the minds of the surviving sisters. We have no verse or journal from the "mysterious, solitary boy," no record of the showering rays of wit that held his family spell-bound—

Wild beautiful caprices of a speech
Now long unwritten, mute, and past from
reach—

but he lives with Emily in the "Elegies"; and it seems as if the second death of Emily by the passing away of her shadowy life in his memory, together with the deprivation he suffered by Emily's ignorance of his fate, shot through the writer of the poem with a keener pang for the complete oblivion that should befall when no one was left to cherish their names and images. She wavers between envy of the dead for their peace and a half-reproach for their

forgetfulness. "But others live for other tears," she says, and then—

Ah, her young darling is not one of those!
His tale for her untold, its stormy close
Rent other hearts, but stirred not her
repose;
Ungessed by her the strange and cheerless
bed,
Where rests, for ever rests, his weary head;
And nothing of *their* haunted life she knows,
For whom an awful star, 'twixt wind and
wave,
Still hovers o'er a merciless despair,
Still hovers o'er their treasure hidden
there, . . .

To whom across the world and waste of
sea,

A mute, sad Shadow turns its solemn gaze,
Hopeless of home—"Forget me not," it
says:

"I am not lost while Love remembers me."

Oh, faithful to the bidding of those eyes!
Oh, faithful to the tender heart of fire!
Love yearns for thee with unextinguished
sighs,

But knows that with *her* death thy memory
dies;

And dies with it one sacred sole desire,
To gather up the scattered dust of death,
To charm the long-lost phantom back to
light,
And that dear semblance to all time be-
queath—

Vain bitter prayer for bitter sweet de-
light.

IV.

Reading these lines, one is reminded of the pathetic devotion of Eugénie de Guérin to the memory of her brother Maurice, and of her saying that "Nothing but tears makes us believe in immortality." Or, if one is fresh from a perusal of the pages of Mrs. Augustus Craven, as I am, one thinks of that longer chain of family love which leads to "A Sister's Story" an interest quite unique of its kind.* But if the grief in these three cases is equally deep and the determination of memory equally strong, there is a difference in the sources of consolation that sets them strikingly apart. Both Mlle. de Guérin and the members of Mrs. Craven's family were not only intensely religious, but wholeheartedly Catholic. Through the unflagging ministry of the Roman church to mind and imagination, the idea of a present personal God, present almost as a visible sustainer and audible comforter, was a reality even more certain to them than the desolation of their mortal loss. *Ce grand ami perdu*, writes Mlle. de Guérin, *il ne me faut rien moins que Dieu pour le remplacer, ou plutôt Dieu était là, mais il s'avance dans la place vide*. There is, perhaps, in that complete replacing of the human by the divine, a note of austerity that

*Those who have read the "Notes from a Diary" of Sir Grant Duff will need no introduction to Mrs. Augustus Craven's "Récit d'une sœur," to which he is constantly alluding. Fortunately it has been so perfectly translated by Miss Emily Bowles, as "A Sister's Story" (London: Richard Bentley, 1868), and its characters have so many associations with England, that it may be regarded almost as an English classic.

barely accords with the word of comfort. It is the truer Christian *catharsis*, I think, that we find in the grief of Alexandrine for her husband, Mrs. Craven's brother:

I thank God for my good memory, for one of the greatest miseries of human nature is the gradual blotting out and disappearance of all that one has felt the most intensely. God preserve one from this! It is sweet to be convinced, as I am more and more, that in God our affections are best kept alive, and that He, being all love, knows how to maintain in us the recollection of every affection which He has blest.

Of that sacrament of faith, by which sorrow is converted into submission and submission into the joy of a great discovery, there is nothing in the "Elegies" of Louisa Shore; memory for her has no bond with eternity, but is a product of time and as ephemeral as the object remembered. For the cause of this frustration we must go back to the influences of childhood. Her father was in orders, but had given up his curacy, chiefly it appears because his views were too broad for such a restraint. Throughout the whole of Emily's "Journal" one is impressed by a sense of something strangely absent. The tone of her meditations is constantly, even intensely, religious, yet nowhere do we feel the presence of any definite tangible faith, speaking to the eye in symbols and to the ear in mystic sounds. Such was the atmosphere of devout but insubstantial Christianity in which Louisa grew up, a religion in which duty and conscience had totally usurped the place of the imagination. With the passing of years her liberality, as so often happens, was refined into skepticism, while her devotion remained as mere will to believe, a hope beating tired wings in the void and sinking to earth. She has neither the impersonal consolation of philosophy—she was too thoroughly feminine for that—nor the personal comfort of Christianity:

We talk in earth's old language to our lost,
With our own sighs revivify its ghost;
The form Love meets advancing through the gloom,
Is but the reflex of her own desire,
Flashed on the glass, as in a darkening room.
We meet ourselves.—Love once within the tomb,
Shall not that reflex of herself expire?

V.

It is characteristic of a mind tortured with this religious horror of death, without the living support of religion, that it should look for consolation to a future conceived temporally rather than to the actual reality of the past. "He loseth the greatest part of his joy in this world," says Wilson in his "Arte of Rhetorique," "... that cannot comfort himselfe with pleasure [s] past, and judge them to be most assured, considering the memorie of them once had, can never decale." In that

power of the past to impose itself on the heart as a thing no longer subject to decay lies the natural bond between tradition, or memory in its transcendent sense, and faith which is the faculty of beholding the eternal beneath the transient. There is no surer sign of lessening faith than the tendency to turn, for a fulfilling of the present, from the possession of what has been to an uneasy hankering after a future which is no more than a glorification, as it is a desired product, of change itself. Now of things to come we have no knowledge or control—*de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio*—and almost inevitably in this reliance upon the future there is a note of impotent unrest if not of insincerity. No higher praise, therefore, can be given to Miss Shore than that she was able to invest the idea of progress with a persuasive passion. I have read much of the literature of the future—as who has not in these days?—but I do not know where to find anything comparable for poetic effect to the closing lines of the "Elegies," which have been inserted in the hymn-book of the Positivist Church. They are "truly grand lines," as Mr. Frederic Harrison calls them, and by their virtue, if by any, the author may claim to be remembered with the greater poets. Yet even in this noble passage it is not so much the dawning glory of what is to be that stirs the heart, as the pathos of the lesser extinguished lights—the thought that for the buried there is, in Thomas Hood's words, "no resurrection in the minds of men." Out of grief for her own lost and their inevitable failure from memory, the poet rises into a bitter outcry for the generations of unremembered dead, for the frustration of innumerable hopes and the mockery of love, for all the terrible waste of time; her hymn of triumph to the imperial Future is even more a dirge of divine sorrow for the Past:

Vain broken promise of unfinished lives!
From your untimely ashes what survives?
Who shall fulfil your un-lived half of life?
Who win the crown of your unfoughten strife?

Yet, long-lost sister! can a soul like thine
Drop from the march of Nature's foremost line

So early, so unmissed? Can all her pride
In that rich promise be so cast aside?

Oh, long-lost brother! Shall the myriad years

Make plain to Man this mystery of tears?

Shall light come ever to this blind sad Earth

That knows not what is death nor what is birth?

It will, but not to me. Earth yet shall know,
By a new light, the secret of her past,
Shall ask no more, "Why do I suffer so?"
But smile in one great harmony at last.
And we, with faith in what we shall not see,
May call the dead whose tomb is in our heart,

To rise and take their own unconscious part

Of service in the glory that shall be.

For, could we link their memories to the chain

Of souls whose lights in long procession move

From Past to Future, so might yearning love

Behold their buried beauty live again,

To glide with solemn purifying glow

Along the endless way the ages go;

Might joy o'er something added—casting in
Such jewels—to the world's great treasure

heap;

And here and there some living souls might win

To reverent fellowship with the souls that sleep.

Oh, perfect Race to be! Oh, perfect Time!
Maturity of Earth's unhappy youth!

Race whose undazzled eyes shall see the truth,

Made wise by all the errors of your prime!

Oh, Bliss and Beauty of the ideal Day!

Forget not, when your march has reached its goal,

The rich and reckless waste of heart and soul

You left so far behind you on your way!

Forget not, Earth, when thou shalt stretch thy hands

In blessing o'er thy happy sons and daughters,

And lift in triumph thy maternal head,
Circling the sun with music from all lands,

In anthems like the noise of many waters—
Forget not, Earth, thy disappointed Dead!

Forget not, Earth, thy disinherited!

Forget not the forgotten! Keep a strain

Of divine sorrow in sweet undertone

For all the dead who lived and died in vain!

Imperial Future, when in countless train
The generations lead thee to thy throne,

Forget not the Forgotten and Unknown!

VI.

I have accomplished my design, which was no more than to give a setting to quotations from a poem, exquisite in a way, but not great enough to ensure that the volume in which it occurs will ever be reprinted. Doing this, I have left myself no space to call attention to the passages of rare beauty that are scattered through Miss Shore's other poems. Of her dramas, I am not so sure. They are vivid in a way, not lacking in plot and resource; but the action, by its very intensity of inner passion, affects one as somehow unreal, as if it were the creation of one who brooded upon the world in solitude. Her true quality as a poet, apart from the "Elegies," is found rather in the fragmentary relics of "Irene's Dream," in which memories of Emily united with the author's love of elf-haunted gardens to evoke a fairy-land, now filled with sounds like the faint sobbing of creatures imagined in the forest, now penetrated by

A wild small music like to tinkling laughter.

It is by right of such poems as these that she takes her place, not with dishonor, among the group of feminine poets of the last century, of whom Christina Rossetti was the chief, and who added a new charm of refinement to English letters.

P. E. M.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON POE—I.

One of the most valuable contributions made by Prof. James A. Harrison to our knowledge of Poe is his bibliography of Poe's writings in the sixteenth volume of his "Virginia Edition" of Poe. Here he attempted to catalogue everything that Poe ever published, regardless of its length or its importance. The task attempted was no easy one. For, contrary to the popular notion, Poe was one of the most prolific of our writers, Professor Harrison's list including nearly five hundred items, and his edition of Poe's works extending to no less than sixteen volumes. Moreover, Poe published many of his articles anonymously, and some things in the most out-of-the-way places. Hence it is not to be wondered at if this list lacks somewhat on the side of completeness. Among articles omitted that had appeared in other editions of Poe are the instalment of "Marginalia," published in *Graham's Magazine* in March, 1848, and an editorial on Christopher North originally published in the *Broadway Journal* of October 4, 1845, but included by Griswold and others in the "Marginalia." There are also some items that have been pointed out since the "Virginia Poe" appeared, notably several articles assigned to Poe by B. B. Minor, in his book on the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and some variant versions of the poems and tales to which Prof. George E. Woodberry first called attention in his recent revised life of Poe. But besides these, there are a number of articles written by Poe that have not, so far as I can learn, been given to him by any one. These, it should be said in justice to others who have gleaned in this field, are both slight in volume and, except for three or four of them, of but little worth as literature, most of them being either editorials or book-reviews; but they are fairly numerous. There are also some eight or ten variant versions of the poems and tales that have been overlooked.

In enumerating these additions to the bibliography of Poe, I shall present first the additions that are to be made to the body of Poe's essays, reserving for a later instalment of this article a discussion of the variant versions of the poems and tales. The additions to the canon of Poe's essays are to be found in the following periodicals: *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*, *Graham's Magazine*, the *Weekly Mirror*, the *Broadway Journal*, and the *Democratic Review*.

The articles in *Burton's Magazine* are these:

(1.) Twelve brief reviews in the issue of September, 1839, of which the longest are the notices of Mary Howitt's "Birds and Flowers," "The Bride of Fort Edward," and Schoolcraft's "Alcic Researches." Professor Harrison gives only four of the eighteen critical notices in this number to Poe, whereas Poe says in a letter to P. P. Cooke ("Virginia Poe," XVII, 53) that he wrote all except the first three. According to this, one of the articles given to Poe in Professor Harrison's list—Glenn's "Reply to the Critics"—should really be assigned to another writer.

(2.) A compilation entitled "Gymnastics and Gymnasia" in the issue of October, 1839. This Poe acknowledges in a letter to Snodgrass of October 7, 1839.

Other articles in *Burton's* that were prob-

ably written by Poe are: (1) "The Game of Cricket," November, 1839; (2) "A Chapter on Science and Art," March, 1840; (3) brief reviews, April, 1840; and (4) a notice of Brooks's "The Utility of Classical Studies," May, 1840. In a well-known letter to Burton written June 1, 1840, Poe specifies the number of pages that he had contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and it is necessary to give each of these items to him in order to make out the total which he claims (though even that fails for April, 1840); besides, several of the articles betray internal evidence of Poe's authorship.

Hitherto unnoted articles contributed by Poe to *Graham's Magazine* are the following:

(3.) The review of G. P. R. James's "The Ancient Régime," October, 1841. Shown to be Poe's by a reference back to the review of James's "Corse de Leon" in *Graham's* for June of that year.

(4.) Brief notices (besides those mentioned in Professor Harrison's list) in *Graham's* for March, 1842—among them a further notice of the work of G. P. R. James, in which Poe repeats the old charge of imitateness, and a notice of Mrs. Sigourney, in which he complains of a lack of unity in her poems.

(5.) Three brief notices in *Graham's* for May, 1842: Hoffmann's "The Vigil of Faith," Griswold's "The Poets and Poetry of America," and Simms's "Beauchampe." Circumstantial evidence supports the ascription in each case, and the notice of Griswold's book refers forward to Poe's acknowledged review of that work in the issue of the following month.

Two other brief articles in *Graham's* that are almost surely Poe's are the notices of Cooper's "Deerslayer" in the issue of October, 1841, and of Park's "Pantology" in the issue of March, 1842.

The unaccredited articles in the *New York Mirror* are both more numerous and more significant. Ever since the appearance of N. P. Willis's article in defence of Poe in 1849, it has been known that Poe wrote for the *Mirror* in 1844-45. Despite this fact, no list of his contributions has ever been printed; Willis's statement that Poe's connection with the paper was merely that of a "mechanical paragraphist" perhaps discouraged any inquiry into the matter. Most of Poe's articles, it seems, appeared first in the columns of the *Evening Mirror*, a daily, whence they were copied into the *Weekly Mirror*. I have been unable to see a file of the *Evening Mirror*, hence I record here only those articles—so far as I can identify them—that appeared (or reappeared) in the *Weekly Mirror*. Two such articles, the comment on Mrs. Browning, in the issue of December 7, 1844, and the critique entitled "Longfellow's Waif—A Few More Words For and Against It," in the issue of January 25, 1845—have already been specifically ascribed to Poe by Professor Woodberry. Others are as follows:

(6.) "The Alphadelphia Tocsin," a brief note, in the issue of January 18, 1845. This reappeared as the third item in the "Marginalia," published in the *Democratic Review* for July, 1846.

(7.) "Does the Drama of the Day Deserve Support?" January 18, 1845. Also embodied in the "Marginalia" of July, 1846.

(8.) "Lowell's Conversations," January 18, 1845. The last two paragraphs of this

review are the same as the first two paragraphs of the "Marginalia" item printed in the "Virginia Poe," XVI, 69-70.

(9.) "Nature and Art," January 25, 1845. A reply to a criticism in the *New York Tribune* of the preceding article on "Lowell's Conversations."

(10.) "Longfellow's Waif," January 25, 1845. The seventh paragraph of this article reappears in the "Marginalia" printed in the "Virginia Poe," XVI, 73.

(11.) "Post-Notes by the Critic," January 25, 1845. This is a counter-reply to a reply of "H." of Boston to Poe's strictures on Lowell.

(12.) "Increase of Poetical Heresy," February 8, 1845. An essay of about a thousand words on "the heresy of the didactic"—perhaps the "prefatory remarks" of Poe's lecture at Boston on October 16, 1845 (see Woodberry's "Life of Poe," II, 150). In substance very much the same as Poe's essay on "The Poetic Principle," but more compact and quite different from it in phrasing, except for the last paragraph, which reappears in part, in very much the same words, in the eleventh paragraph of "The Poetic Principle" ("Virginia Poe," XIV, 271-2). This is one of the most substantial and spirited of Poe's essays, and should by all means be included in his published works.

(13.) "Magazine Literature," February 15, 1845. Republished in part in the "Marginalia," "Virginia Edition," XVI, 82.

(14.) "Imitation-Plagiarism," February 22, 1845. I can find no verbal correspondence between this article and any fully accredited composition of Poe's, but the views expressed in it fall in very well with Poe's views on plagiarism, as expressed in the "Longfellow War"; and the ascription also derives strong support from circumstantial evidence. The article is vigorously written, and is quite worthy of a place among Poe's collected works.

(15.) "Plagiarism," February 22, 1845. This has to do with the alleged plagiarism by James Aldrich, from Hood's poems. It reappeared, except for the last paragraph, in Poe's first letter in reply to "Outis" ("Virginia Edition," 44-46).

Besides these articles, there are in the *Weekly Mirror* the following editorials and criticisms which are probably to be assigned to Poe:

(1) "The Pay for Periodical Writing," October 19, 1844; (2) "Hoffmann's Poems," December 14, 1844; (3) "A Slander which Needs Immediate Contradiction" (a refutation of a charge of plagiarism that had been brought against Mrs. Ellet), January 25, 1845; (4) "Poems. By Christopher Pease (sic) Cranch," January 25, 1845; (5) "Pay of American Authors," February 1, 1845; (6) "Literary" (being notes on current magazines and forthcoming publications), February 15, 1845; and (7) "Graham's for March," February 22, 1845.

Poe's articles in the *Broadway Journal*, which he edited for almost a year, are to be numbered by the hundred. Here he republished nearly half of his poems, and more than forty of his tales, in most cases affixing his signature. But he also brought out here a vast amount of editorial and critical matter that had not been printed before; and the bulk of this he published anonymously. In a set of the *Journal* which he presented to Mrs. Whitman, and which has happily been preserved (being, I be-

lieve, now in the possession of F. R. Halsey of New York city), Poe designated as his own a number of his unsigned articles by inserting after them the initials "P." or "E. A. P." (see the "Virginia Poe," XII, viii, and XVI, 372). It is but reasonable to suppose that in thus reclaiming his waifs he overlooked some; and it may very well be that he was unwilling to acknowledge some of the rest. But, be that as it may, it is obvious that he did not designate as his own everything that actually belongs to him. The following additions are to be made to the list that Professor Harrison gives:

(16.) "Miscellanea," in the issue of May 31, 1845. Extremely flimsy, but obviously Poe's.

(17.) A brief note on a Wiley and Putnam edition of Hood's works, August 2, 1845. Acknowledged in the fuller notice of the same book in the issue of August 9, 1845.

(18.) "Editorial Miscellany," August 16, 1845. This contains, among other things, Poe's denial of the charge that he was utterly blind to the merits of Longfellow's productions.

(19.) "Editorial Miscellany," August 23, 1845. Contains an allusion, obviously by Poe, to his trip to Boston in the summer of 1845.

(20.) "Editorial Miscellany," August 30, 1845. One item deals with the Boston *Notion's* blunder in copying from *Bentley's Miscellany*, with a laudatory notice, "The Fall of the House of Usher," in ignorance of the fact that it was Poe's, after having publicly held the story up to ridicule on its original appearance in America, under Poe's name. Another item has to do with a poem which was printed in the *New York Tribune* of August 27, 1845, above the signature "E. A. P.," but which Poe disclaims having written.

(21.) "Editorial Miscellany," September 13, 1845. A brief note concerning the botching of "Lenore" in a contemporary newspaper.

(22.) "Editorial Miscellany," September 20, 1845. In one item, the author alludes to "Mesmeric Revelation," as his own; in another, he displays his characteristic fondness for exposing literary theft by charging Whittier with a plagiarism from Bulwer.

(23.) A review of Mathews's "Big Abel and the Little Manhattan," September 27, 1845. The same review, considerably enlarged, appeared in *Godley's Lady's Book* for November, 1845 ("Virginia Poe," XIII, 73 f.).

(24.) "Editorial Miscellany," September 27, 1845. Shown to be Poe's by a reference back to the "Editorial Miscellany" of the immediately preceding issue.

(25.) "Editorial Miscellany," October 11, 1845. Contains a sharp rejoinder to a criticism in the *Mirror* of Poe's article on Christopher North in the *Broadway Journal* for October 4. This article is well worth reprinting.

(26.) "Editorial Miscellany," December 6, 1845. Authenticated by a reference, clearly by Poe, to the Boston fiasco, in which he had figured in October.

(27.) "Critical Notices" and "Editorial Miscellany," December 27, 1845. The former is stamped as Poe's by the sneering reference to Boston as "Frogpondium"; the latter contains a comment on a letter concerning "The Case of M. Valdemar."

It is likely that Poe also wrote the fol-

lowing articles published in the *Broadway Journal*:

(1) The note on the *Southern Literary Messenger*, March 22, 1845; (2) "The Magazines," April 5, 1845; (3) brief reviews and "The Magazines," April 12, 1845; (4) the reviews of "Night: A Poem" and Leigh Hunt's "Imagination and Fancy," April 19, 1845; (5) "Halleck's Alnwick Castle," May 3, 1845; (6) book reviews and the article on the "Broadway Theatre," May 10, 1845; (7) the notice of Anthon's "A Pilgrimage to Treves," June 21, 1845; (8) the notice of Hazlitt's "The Age of Elizabeth," July 19, 1845; (9) "Editorial Miscellany," August 2, 1845; (10) the notice of J. T. Headley, August 9, 1845; (11) "Critical Notices" and "Editorial Miscellany," November 8, 1845; (12) "Critical Notices," November 15, 1845. And it is not improbable that Poe also wrote most of the articles on "The Drama," and many of those on "The Fine Arts," during the second half of the year.

Poe's articles in the *Democratic Review* that are not included in Professor Harrison's list are but two in number, and one of these was apparently known to Ingram either in the form in which it appeared there or in some other form. These two articles are:

(28) A brief instalment of the "Marginalia" printed in the *Democratic Review* for July, 1846; and

(29) A notice of Poe's poet friend, Mrs. Lewis, entitled "The Literati of New York. S. Anna Lewis," in the issue of August, 1848.

The first of these is a signed article; the other is credited to Poe in the table of contents at the beginning of the volume. The "Marginalia" article deals with six topics: (1) an error in a French translation of Lady Morgan's "Letters on Italy"; (2) the alleged decline of the drama (previously printed in the *Weekly Mirror* of January 18, 1845); (3) the "Alphadelphia Tocsin" (also in the *Weekly Mirror* of January 18, 1845); (4) Simms's "Aretyos"; (5) Goethe's "Sorrows of Werther"; and (6) Cranch's poems. Of these, the first, third, fifth, and sixth were published by Ingram among his "Addenda" to the "Marginalia" (see his edition of Poe, Edinburgh, 1875, III, 471, 477-8). The article on Mrs. Lewis—which was apparently meant as a final number of the "Literati"—reappeared in considerably amplified form in the *Southern Literary Messenger* for September, 1848.

KILLIS CAMPBELL.

The University of Texas.

Correspondence.

NEW FIELDS FOR PHILOLOGY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is, alas, true, as your editorial writer tells us, that "with philologists one is ever in the realm of the imagination" (*Nation*, December 16). But, sir, you must not be content merely to state the phenomenon, when the cause is patent. Why do you not find philologists settled among you in the land of fact? Because the instant they appear at your gate, you deport them, as undesirable aliens, back to the land of hypothesis, from which they came.

You persist in regarding philology as the infirm elder sister of palæontology and archæology, when, in fact, she might be the most modern and up-to-date of sciences. Your editorial shows this. "Old Saxon," "Old English," "The sands of Turkestan," "King Alfred"—these are the data you give philology to play with. What wonder, then, that the disappointed bride of Mercury makes the moonbeams dance about them? But give her a place in the sciences of to-day, sir, and you shall find her practical, accurate, invaluable. Philology is in the midst of us; let us recognize the fact and give her room.

When Broughton Brandenburg brought to a credulous contemporary of yours an article purporting to be by Grover Cleveland, did its editor submit the article to philology for verification of the claim? Did he ask for information as to the dialectal indications, the proportional use of the split infinitive, and the dangling participle, the number and average length of Latin and Greek polysyllables, the rhythmical sequences of sentences, in this article, as compared with similar phenomena in the ex-President's acknowledged work? Not at all; he asked the opinion of the executor of the estate, a lawyer. What was the result? Discredit upon the name of a great man, and trouble to the erring newspaper.

At our universities philological methods are not to be relegated to the sands of Turkestan. American soil offers them equally fertile fields. It was only last week, in reading examination papers, that I came across the statement apropos of Carlyle, that hypochondria was a skin disease, prevalent in Germanv. I thought little of it till, some fifty papers further on, I read the same alarming fact concerning German influence on the hero-worshipper. At once my philological training was awake, and the most amazing results were obtained. Both students were agreed that Johnson's Dictionary "made such a hit that the world could scarcely believe it had been written by an American," and that the same writer "never used a word of one syllable when one of two syllables would suffice"; that Macaulay's "Ides of Rome" was their favorite reading in preparatory school, and that Mr. Newman Lounsbury was the author of an article entitled "The Downfall of the English Language." By a minute comparison of misspelled words and other interesting phenomena, I proved conclusively that paper A was the ultimate and only source of paper B, and that, in all probability, no intermediate source need be looked for. I called student B into my office, and said to him, "Kleptomania is a skin disease prevalent in America. Have you anything to tell me?"

"Sure," he replied, without hesitation; "you're wise to A and me, all right."

Here, then, is a field for new uses of philology. The day will come when the pedant will sit in the court room next the handwriting expert and the alienist, drawing the same enormous fees. May it come quickly!

PHILOLOGIST.

New Haven, Conn., December 16.

LITERARY COINCIDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A good illustration lies before me of the possibilities of literary coincidence.

The earliest of our American dramatic histories is that by William Dunlap, published in 1832, and reprinted the following year in England. Dunlap's book, "The History of the American Theatre," covers the first eighty years, or the first half, of our real dramatic life. Dunlap was a man of wide acquaintance, whose own intimate personal knowledge of the American stage extended back, in 1832, more than fifty years. For forty-four years he had been a professional playwright, part of the time for his own theatre. His first play, acted as early as 1789, escaped by only two years the honor of being the earliest stage comedy to be written by a native-born American. Dunlap's "History of the American Theatre" is therefore of very great value, whether as a history of the stage or of the drama in this country, and it has served as a basis for most of the later accounts of its period.

The latest of our dramatic histories, and also the most elaborate of them, comprises volumes XIX and XX of a larger work, published in London in 1903 (according to the title page or Set No. 25, owned by the Chicago Public Library), under the general title, "The Drama: Its History, Etc." This work is carefully printed upon paper bearing its own water mark, in an edition limited to one thousand sets; and it has as editor-in-chief, Alfred Bates, A. M., of Trinity College, Cambridge, with John P. Lamberton, A. M., of the library of the University of Pennsylvania, and James P. Boyd, A. M., of Lafayette College, named as associate editors. I can explain the discrepancy between the brilliancy of these names and the facts as to the text of the volumes mentioned only by supposing that the editors entrusted the investigation of a not very well-known field to assistants; for a large part of Dunlap's history has been taken over bodily into this work, without so much as a reference or a quotation mark—physically, corporally, literally taken over, not only idea for idea, but bone for bone. I illustrate at random:

From Dunlap, page 3:

It is well known that the state of the drama was in 1750 much more brilliant than it has been for the last half-century, or is now in Great Britain. The best and greatest men of the country wrote plays and attended their performance. The pit of the theatre was the resort of wit and learning; while fashion, beauty, taste, and refinement, the proud and exclusive aristocracy of the land, took their stations in the boxes, surrounding the assemblage of poets and critics below.

Even Dunlap's occasional flights of rhetoric are reproduced verbally with the rest.

The texts run parallel in this manner for well-nigh a hundred of Dunlap's pages, barring a few cuts and a few blunders in copying. In one place the modern historian even omits a section of his 1832 text, and neglects to notice that the pronoun subject of the succeeding sentence has its antecedent in the part cut away.

WILLIAM J. NEIDIG.

University of Wisconsin, November 16.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL TROUBLES AT ATHENS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Our newspapers have recently printed brief allusions to a most violent attack made upon Mr. Kavvadias, the Ephor-General of Antiquities at Athens. The charges are very sweeping, not to say reckless, and without careful investigation it is impossible to know now far any of them are true. Some of them are undoubtedly false, and as certain of the statements involve the relations of Mr. Kavvadias with the foreign schools, the latter have issued the following statement, which I translate from the Athens *Hestia* of November 24:

In its leading editorial of November 22, the *Chronos*, which is regarded as the chief organ of the Military Alliance, contains a series of charges against Professor Kavvadias, the Ephor-General of Antiquities and secretary of the Archaeological Society. We should have no right to take part in an affair which is purely Greek, if the article had not contained a number of insulting statements about the foreign archaeological schools; against these it is fitting that we should protest. It is true that, in their issue of November 24, the managers of the *Chronos*, who in the meantime had learned of our indignation, declare that "they were misled in regard to the charges." They have, however, withdrawn no one of them, and we are therefore unable to consider that satisfaction has been given.

(1.) They charge that "we do our work by means of the money of the Greek Archaeological Society to the benefit of our own governments and of our private scientific interests." We explicitly declare that all the work of our schools has been carried on at our own expense. Greece has had no part in it, except to provide for the inspection of excavations and the custody of things found, and in certain cases for the expropriation of land. All these matters have been managed to the profit of Greece alone.

(2.) They charge that, because Mr. Kavvadias has cooperated with us and has shown favoritism toward us, the Greeks have been shut out from all archaeological work, ever since the time that "he handed over the most important excavations to foreign archaeologists, thus casting reproach on the scientific standing of Greece, and giving glory to the outside world." We are deeply grateful not only to the Ephor-General, but to all the ephors and the directors of museums, for their good will toward our work, the good will which they have so generously extended to ourselves. We, however, recall the fact to notice that we were granted permission to undertake the most important excavations by the Greek government and by the Senate. There can therefore be no question about measures that were unauthorized, and we vigorously protest against all suspicion of favoritism toward us on the part of any one whomsoever. It is so far from being the case that archaeological work on the part of the Greeks has been excluded (the slanderous charge of the *Chronos*), that we need only to enumerate the important undertakings which have been carried through by Greek men of science, under Mr. Kavvadias's administration, during the last twenty-five years. The excavations of the Athenian Acropolis, of Eleusis, of Oropus, of Thorikos, of Sunium, of Eretria and Chalcis, of Thebes and Chæronæ, of Dimini, Sesklo, and Pagasæ, of Thermus, of Cephalenia, of the Lyceum and of Lycosura, of Gytheum and Vaphio, of Mycenæ, of Epidaurus, of Syra, Paros, and Naxos—to mention only the better known excavations. Then there is the raising of the antiquities at Anticythera, and the maintenance and restoration of ancient monuments (the Parthenon, Erechtheum, Epidaurus, Bassæ, Mystra, etc.), which have been carried out with admirable method; further, there is the rich series of publications which has made known the scientific results of all this work, and the exemplary organization of

the Athenian and provincial museums. These things are a sufficient proof of the scientific work of the Greeks, which Mr. Kavvadias is accused of having excluded. We find it strange that the *Chronos* has abandoned to us the defence of this Greek work.

(3.) It is actually pretended further that our governments and scientific bodies have repaid the favors of Mr. Kavvadias by decorations and honors. How does one dare to suppose that there is any such trafficking as this with the title of member of the Academy in Berlin or Paris, or with that of the honorary doctorate at Cambridge and Leipzig? These are honors awarded only to the most distinguished scholars.

(4.) Finally, we are charged with having contempt for Greece: "They look upon the rest of Greece (Mr. Kavvadias excepted) as the Orient."

It is enough to recall the fact that the first International Archaeological Congress was held in Athens; that in Athens is established the permanent committee which organizes all future congresses. If the unanimous opinion of the entire scientific world has accorded to Athens her ancient position as the metropolis in the study of antiquity, what clearer proof can there be that honor is given to Greece?

The foregoing statement is signed for the Germans by Professor Dörpfeld and Professor Karo, for the Americans by Mr. Hill, for the Austrians by Dr. von Premerstein, for the French by Mr. Chamonard (in the absence of the director, Mr. Holleaux), and for the British by Mr. Dawkins.

J. R. WHEELER.

Columbia University, December 12.

[Since the above letter was written, it is reported that Mr. Kavvadias has left Greece and that Mr. Tsountas has assumed the duties of the Ephor-General's office.—ED. NATION.]

FRENCH ACCENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The explanation of Mr. Gustav Polak's query concerning the poet Herédia's name in your issue of the 16th seems simple. If, as we may suppose, the poet always signed himself José, in the Spanish form, manifestly naturalization did not include the name as well as the person: hence José Heredia, without accents in the surname. Written or printed Hérédia, the natural French form, the forename should consistently appear as Joseph; but a man cannot prevent encyclopædists and others from taking liberties of the kind noted.

D. R.

New York, December 19.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: No "learning," only common sense, is required to solve the problem of "French accents on proper nouns." The accent is determined by the pronunciation of a name. If Casimir-Périer or M. Clémenceau ever wrote their names without an accent they were wrong, and wrong through carelessness, a very common thing, by the way, with French writers, who are not so accurate, or fussy, with proper names as Americans. The now universally accepted spelling of Fénelon is with one accent, as that is the standard pronunciation of the name. As for Hérédia, since the author became and is counted a Frenchman, the two accents are in order, because they are needed for the French pronunciation.

PEDAGOGUE.

Cornell University, December 19.

FOOTBALL IN THE OLD DAYS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As some of your readers may care to know how football was played in the good old times, I send you the following extract from "The Anatomie of Abuses," by Phillip Stubbes, London, 1583, p. 184:

For as concerning football playing, I protest unto you it may rather be called a freendly kinde of fight then a play or recreation; a bloody and murthering practice, then a felowly sporte or pastime. For dooth not every one lye in waight for his adversarie seeking to overthrowe him and to picke him on his nose, though it be upon hard stones? in ditch, or dale, in valley or hill, or what place soever it be, hee careth not, so he have him down. And he that can serve the most of this fashion, he is counted the only felow, and who but he? So that by this meanes sometime their legs, sometime their armes; sometime one part thrust out of joint, sometime an other, sometime the noses gush out with blood, sometime their eyes start out; and sometimes hurt in one place, sometimes in another. But whosoever scapeth away the best goeth not scotfree, but is either sore wounded, craised and brused, so as he dyeth of it, or els scapeth very hardly. And no mervaille, for they have the sleight, to meet one betwixt two, to dashe him against the hart with their elbowes, to hit him under the shut ribbes with their griped fists, and with their knees to catch him upon the hip, and to pick him on his neck, with a hundreded such murdering devices: and hereof groweth envie, malice, rancour, cholour, hatred, displeasure, enmitie, and what not els: and sometimes fighting, brawling, contention, quarrel picking, murther, homicide, and great effusion of blood, as experience daily teacheth.

JOSEPH DE PEROTT.

Worcester, Mass., December 16.

MRS. COOLIDGE'S "CHINESE IMMIGRATION."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your recent review of Mrs. Coolidge's "Chinese Immigration" (December 9), you make a remark regarding the holding of the book out of the market for a few weeks, which may require a word of explanation from us.

Soon after the publication of the book, an American who had held a high position in China complained to us that certain passages in the book did him injustice, and later he told us that they bore evidence of having been instigated by a specific political enemy.

The author found on examination that one of the passages contained at least a technical misstatement which affected the color of some of the other passages. In consequence the book was withdrawn until she had submitted substitutes, which were ultimately inserted.

While this was going on a great flurry regarding the book appeared in the San Francisco papers, and was echoed in the New York papers, but no specific complaints reached us.

We think you go too far in intimating that such occurrences are inconsistent with "the care with which publishers usually examine works dealing with living persons or matters of current discussion." Books are not newspaper editorials or correspondence, and to submit them to corresponding scrutiny is out of the question: it would involve almost as much research as writing them. The merits of the case in question, for instance, we have found it impracticable really to know anything about. The utmost "care" that publishers can ordinarily

exercise is having in their contracts a clause in which the author agrees to hold them harmless from charges of libel.

HENRY HOLT & Co.

New York, December 17.

Literature.

SHACKLETON'S EXPEDITION TOWARDS THE SOUTH POLE.

The Heart of the Antarctic: Being the Story of the British Antarctic Expedition, 1907-1909. By E. H. Shackleton. Two volumes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$10 net.

Lieut. Shackleton's—or, as we ought now to say, Sir Ernest Shackleton's—book comes very opportunely to divert our minds from some of the less pleasant associations that have lately surrounded polar exploration, while at the same time it helps us to realize the amazing courage and powers of endurance which the exploration of either Arctic or Antarctic region demands. It carries us into a part of the globe far less familiar to most of us than are the northern circumpolar islands and seas; and more various, because, instead of an ocean, there is a continent with great diversities of surface and general physical character, and, in particular, with several huge volcanoes.

The narrative fills the first volume and half of the second, and includes (1) the voyage out from New Zealand to the winter quarters on the shore of Ross Sea, in latitude 77° 30' south, longitude 163° east; (2) the winter life spent there, and the ascent of the great volcano named Mount Erebus (from one of his ships) by James Clark Ross, the first explorer of these regions, eighty years ago; (3) the journey in the summer of 1908 from these winter quarters right south to latitude 88° 23', the furthest point yet reached; (4) the journey back from this point to the winter quarters, with (5) minor explorations along the coast by small parties, and (6) an expedition to the South Magnetic Pole, which was visited for the first time. These are the narrative parts. Following a recent custom, the advantages of which are now generally admitted, the records of scientific investigations are relegated to the appendices which occupy the remaining half of the second volume. They include notes and observations on Antarctic biology, on geology (with additional notes on Mount Erebus and its eruptions); descriptions of moraines and of the effects of the summer sun on different varieties of ice and snow; physics, chemistry, and mineralogy, as studied in the magnetic phenomena and the Aurora Australis; notes on cloud forms and other meteorological phenomena, on health-conditions, and on the results of a search made for certain doubtful isl-

ands. Many scientific results of great novelty and value have been collected, as might be expected where the field of research had been entered by so few previous voyagers, hardly any of whom were equipped for the purposes of scientific inquiry. Among the most remarkable facts is the presence, at latitude 85° south, of several seams of coal in a sandstone supposed to be of palæozoic age, with a piece of fossil which proved under the microscope to be part of the stem of a coniferous tree. To-day, no vegetation of a higher order than mosses, lichens, and funguses appears to exist in these frozen wastes. In the Arctic regions, also, coal has been found at very high latitudes, but not so high as these of the Antarctic.

Valuable, however, as are the scientific results set forth in these volumes, and interesting as are the numerous illustrations, it is to the narrative of the explorations that the reader will turn with most curiosity. He will not be disappointed. The tale of the voyage out, of the life on this bleak shore through the long night of winter (at a temperature never rising above the freezing point, and usually far below zero), and, above all, the description of the two journeys—the one towards the South Pole, which was not reached, and the other to the Magnetic Pole, which was reached—are of the highest interest. The story is told in a perfectly direct and simple fashion, so that we seem to follow the travellers mile by mile and day to day, realizing the difficulties they had to encounter, and the hardships they endured, and admiring both their hardihood and their patience. There is no rhetorical embellishment of the narrative, but the facts are sufficiently new and strange to make such embellishment needless; nor are picturesque touches wanting. The bare facts plainly and feelingly told give one a better notion of what are the perils and discomforts of low temperatures, of furious blizzards, and of plodding or climbing over ice and snow and dropping into concealed crevasses, than the most highly finished descriptions could.

Specially remarkable is the account of the longest land journey, that in which an attempt was made to reach the South Pole. The start was from the winter quarters at Cape Royal on McMurdo Sound on October 29, 1908, in fine spring weather, brilliant sunshine, and a cloudless sky. The party consisted of Lieutenant Shackleton and three others. They had four Manchurian ponies, drawing each an eleven-foot sledge. Their route ran at first cross the vast plain of sea ice, which lies behind the great ice barrier, fronting to Ross Sea, the barrier which stopped the progress of Sir J. C. Ross's expedition in 1841, and again in 1842. On December 3, they turned inland and began to ascend with infinite diffi-

culty a gigantic glacier, in many places steep and badly crevassed. By this time, three of the ponies had been so worn out that it had become necessary to kill them, and the fourth perished in a crevasse on December 7. Henceforth, they had to drag their sledges, for now there were but two, by their own strength, up steep inclines and over rough ice. On December 24, having risen more than 9,000 feet above sea level, and consumed a great part of their supplies, they discarded one of their sledges, and pressed on over what had now become an almost level, but very lofty plateau, much of it between 10,000 and 11,000 feet high, so that the difficulty of respiration increased the fatigue of hauling. By this time, food was beginning to run short, constant hunger and the savage frost had reduced the travellers' strength, and from time to time, progress was stopped by terrific blizzards, against which it was impossible to make headway, so that the four had to lie all day and night inside their sleeping bags, waiting for the wind to abate. Finally, on January 9, finding that the food left was barely sufficient to take them back to the nearest depot, where a small supply had been stored on the outward march, they stopped, being then in latitude 88 degrees 23 minutes south, longitude 162 east, ninety-seven geographical miles from the Pole.

The journey back took seven weeks, and frequently during those weeks they all but despaired of effecting their return, so weakened had they become by exposure, fatigue, and incessant hunger, with body temperatures constantly subnormal. Had they not succeeded in picking up the route and finding all the provisions which had been stored in the depots along it, the whole party must have perished. It was a splendid dash, and though the goal was not won, the point reached was far beyond that theretofore attained by any explorer, and the discovery of a vast mass of high land surrounding the Pole and standing from 10,000 to 12,000 above the sea is an addition to our knowledge well worth the labor. The mountain scenery all along the route southward is described as extremely grand and solemn. On each side of the great glacier, towering cliffs, sometimes of granite or gneiss, sometimes of sandstone, rise to vast heights. The impression on the explorers is such as it rarely falls to the lot of men to receive:

It was with feelings of keen curiosity, mingled with awe, that we watched the new mountains, never seen before by human eyes, rise from the great unknown that lay ahead of us. Mighty peaks they were, the eternal snows at their bases, and their rough-hewn forms rising high towards the sky. No man of us could tell what we would discover in our march south, what wonders might not be revealed to us, and our imaginations would take wings until a stumble in the snow, the sharp pangs

of hunger, or the dull ache of physical weariness brought back our attention to the needs of the immediate present.

As the days wore on and mountain after mountain came into view, grimly majestic, the consciousness of our insignificance seemed to grow upon us. We were but four tiny black specks crawling slowly and painfully across the white plain and bending our puny strength to the task of wrestling from nature secrets preserved inviolate through all the ages (Vol. I, p. 292).

It is impossible to peruse the narratives of these journeys accomplished under difficulties both numerous and trying, without a stronger feeling than we ever had before of the efforts of which the human frame and spirit are capable. The best parallel within our knowledge is to be found in the marvelous North Polar voyage of Dr. Fridthjof Nansen. It is, of course, true that the conditions of life in latitudes of intense cold are much better understood than formerly and that experience has suggested many appliances and mechanical devices as well as many kinds of food and clothing, formerly little thought of. A novel experiment was tried by Lieutenant Shackleton when he took out an automobile in the hope—a hope which proved vain—of using it over the smooth and more level ice tracts. But all these considerations, though they explain the increasingly frequent success of more recent expeditions as compared with those of sixty years ago, do not lessen our admiration for the courage and resource shown by Shackleton and his comrades.

Space fails us to dwell upon many of the interesting episodes of the expedition. Mount Erebus, discovered by Ross in 1841, the most southerly known volcano, was climbed, and its geological structure determined. It is very ancient, the present cone and crater (13,210 feet in height) being the third central point of eruption that can be traced, but is still frequently active. Interesting observations were made of the habits of the seals and penguins, which, with the skua gulls, and two or three species of whale, are the only mammalia that inhabit these Antarctic solitudes. The long account of the ways of the penguins in particular, is full of facts, curiously illustrative of the respective parts which instinct and a sort of reasoning play in directing the actions of these birds. Some are honest, some habitually steal from one another, and the behavior of the latter, when in fear of detection, is highly entertaining. So is their treatment of their young. (Vol. II, pp. 246-265.) Atmospheric phenomena were observed with much care, and the descriptions of the formation of clouds over the icefields and of the frequent and splendid displays of Aurora Australis provide new data for the meteorologist.

For most Europeans and Americans, the North Polar regions have, ever since

those early days when men still hoped to find a northwest passage of commercial value, commanded far more attention than the Antarctic has done. Yet in one way the interest of the latter is greater. For a long time it has been pretty well known that the North Polar area is occupied by sea, and the sea, as Homer long ago said, "yields no vintage." The "wandering fields of barren foam" are monotonous, and (except to the marine-biologist) uninteresting. To be "the first that ever burst into a silent sea" is good; but to be the first to explore a silent and unknown land, with all its varieties of surface, its orography and geology and mineralogy to explore, is much better. It is a fortunate thing that this new land has found one who can describe it with so much freshness and graphic simplicity as Sir Ernest Shackleton has here shown.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Reformer by Proxy. By John Parkinson. New York: John Lane Co.

Social satire, in the hands of the very latest novelists—Mr. Hewlett, Mr. Locke, and the rest—has learned to present itself under the lightest and most whimsical guises. The sledgehammer of Dickens, the chisel of Thackeray, long ago proclaimed themselves as relics which, like the dagger and the blunderbuss, are for the harmless adornment of the antiquary's walls, not for use in this advanced and advancing day. Other days, other weapons: our very detectives (to venture a new and needed coinage) have abandoned the brickbat and the bare bodkin in favor of subtle gas or devastating mosquito. How much more scrupulous the satirist in his choice of killing tool! Mr. Parkinson belongs, it must be admitted, to the older school. He is "out" against middle-class respectability, "gigmanity," and insincere conventions. His plan of campaign has a superficial novelty.

We are accustomed to the young man of free and "artistic" temperament who refuses to be bound by the laws of the family and social life into which he has been born, and makes ducks and drakes of everybody's prepossessions, to the eternal glory of himself and his kind. In the present story this type appears only in the Prologue, where we find him making his crucial decision in fatally defying authority and respectability embodied in the two commercial uncles upon whom he is dependent. When the story proper opens, we learn that he has stuck by his guns, thrown up his uncles, lived his own life, and, with the aid of a woman, made a fortune. The money has been made in Canada, chiefly through speculation in stocks. In dying—for he does die, of course—he determines to do what he can for the salvation of a nephew in England, who he fears is about to waste

his life attending to the respectabilities. He leaves him a legacy on condition that he shall make a certain amount of money in the stock market within a given time. The widow is commissioned to see that the condition is enforced. She is further enjoined, for reasons which insufficiently appear, to present herself to the virtuous English relatives as her husband's mistress. Hence obvious complications, which eventually lead to the enlightenment (by way of stock-gambling) of the nephew, and the comfortable reception of the widow into English society. Of course, the thing is more absurd in summary than in the full narrative, which has a good deal of humor.

It is remarkable that the author and his very well-known publisher should have been able to agree upon a mode of punctuation in which so many unusual duties are thrust upon the comma.

On the Lightship. By Herman Knickerbocker Vielé. New York: Duffield & Co.

Fortunately, the work of the late Herman Knickerbocker Vielé is too well known for this posthumous volume of his to demand extended characterization. Fortunately, we say, for the range is wide, the matter various. Yet so far as the manner goes, that is always suave, polished, and efficient. These tales told "On the Lightship" were, as Mr. Janvier informs us in the introduction, to have been framed "in an encircling story, describing and duly accounting for the chance assemblage aboard a vessel of that unusual type." The story-teller's death has precluded this consummation, but it could not deprive us of the short stories themselves, the real stuff of the projected volume. Sometimes of an undisguisable slightness, these tales are, collectively, stamped with the cosmopolitanism of the author no less than with his good taste. Modern as they mostly are, one of the most praiseworthy is a daring account of Francis Bacon's entry into authorship, and of his fateful tenancy of Kit Marlowe's vacated lodgings, with its "small oak box secluded in a corner, . . . a chest of papers left by [the] last lodger," and its account of Shakespeare's careless signing of a "Romeo" he did not write. Here the due atmosphere is cleverly imparted to a picture which is itself managed with deft touches. We wish that there were space at our disposal to quote the smoking-lesson imparted by a sea-faring person with a long-stemmed pipe to Master Francis (who went pale) and to the player, Shakespeare. The directions are themselves eloquent:

I pray you, gentlemen, hold not the pipe too lightly, lest it be upset and mar your garments, he instructed them. And by your leave, it must be grasped between the thumb and second finger, nicely balanced that the forearm grow not weary. Should

the brain become afflicted by the vapor it is well to pause and inhale some breaths of common air. Extend the finger carelessly.

But all the tales are not of Shakespeare's time. One of the best is of the Washington Square of A. D. 1909.

The Socialist. By Guy Thorne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Thorne's story tells of the conversion to Socialism of an English duke who owns a "huge slice" of London. Rescued from kidnappers by a party of "slummers," he is taken unconscious to the house of the high-priest of Socialism, one Fabian Rose; is there nursed into health by Socialist hands, and ends by embracing their cause, even to the sacrifice of a large part of his property. Not all of it, for these new friends of his defer to a far-off future the abolition of private property, content for the immediate hour to regulate ownership. The moral of the book is this, that neither acts of Parliament nor even the altruistic doctrine of university settlements can reorganize society, because they cannot reorganize character. The Christian way is the only way; its motto "For all who want work, work! for those who won't work, hunger! But for the old and infirm, provision." The traditional views of the aristocratic order find their mouthpiece in the Lord Bishop, a courtly prelate, implacable in social doctrine.

The Socialist group with which the young duke's fortunes are cast is intent on promulgating its ideas through the drama. We hear much of the founding of an educational theatre, of a new play by the great Fabian Rose; of a young actress who is chosen as the Socialists' instrument, and is made first a devotee that she may act the more effectively. She it is who on the opening night of the theatre and the great play, completes the reformation of the duke, the teacher naturally and subsequently going with the thing taught. A book of upheaval, it wages its war courteously and on the loftiest grounds. To criticise it as a story would be beside the mark. Incidentally, what are "a fierce and lambent sense of anger"? and "a state of lambent enthusiasm"?

Big John Baldwin. By Wilson Vance. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

This book, as we are told, is edited from

Extracts from the journal of an officer of Cromwell's army, recording some of his experiences at the court of Charles I, and subsequently at that of the Lord Protector and on the Fields of Love and War, and finally in the Colony of Virginia.

It is the autobiography of a young giant from the Fen country, who is first found refusing for a pup a pound offered by Mr. Oliver Cromwell, who had ridden over with the Rev. Elijah Balsley to

preach and sup at Baldwinsmere. The sixteen-year-old John is a huge cub, hampered by his own skin and kept within only by Puritan principles. Later, he is adequately described by his sweetheart as "the dearest, bravest, truest, greatest, most unselfish, wrong-headed, obstinate, conceited, and transparently honest and sincere old stupid of a Jack-the-Giant-Killer that ever was!" Even from among his horses and dogs, he keeps an eye upon Cromwell as a chosen vessel for the defeat of Anti-Christ, and he eagerly serves under him when the time for action comes. The narrative differs from most stories of the period in that the hero, though a partisan, gives his personal affections to Charles as well as to Cromwell. His warm friendships include Prince Rupert, and the family of the Lord General. In truth, Big John has the gift which attaches to first-person heroes. He makes conquest of all he meets. At court, the King yearns over him and makes bid for his allegiance. Rupert risks life to be at his wedding. Cromwell stands self-confessed as one "whom thou hast defeated as no other mortal ever hath"—for Sir John opposed even the Protector when he differed from him; was but a half-hearted regicide, and after the Irish massacres demanded leave to go home, "never to take up arms again, save in a righteous cause righteously maintained."

The founding of a colony in Virginia occupies the concluding third of the book. Here, as throughout, Sir John stands out bodily as a fine old autocrat, dealing generously with his neighbors, and if his colonists will not of themselves be happy, forcing them to be so. In spite of lavish portions of Presbyterian preaching and of mutual admiration among kings and commons, the book gives an interesting picture of the time in old world and new, with more of the domestic than the military. Here, too, is a portrait gallery of several extremely engaging subjects.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

Chateaubriand and His Court of Women.

By Francis Gribble. With six photographic portraits. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$3.75 net.

"There is no adequate life of Chateaubriand in any language, and there is no life at all in English," writes Mr. Gribble in his preface. His conclusion is that the times are ripe for "a synoptic view." It is, then, with the obvious purpose of supplying our lack in furnishing that "synoptic view" that Mr. Gribble offers us this book; and the work is to be judged on higher ground than that suggested by the lure of its hero's amorous passages. That higher ground proves over-slippery, even for Mr. Gribble's nimble wit. His man was a greater one than he represents him; but one may let that pass and proceed to

specific issues. Much has been written about Chateaubriand, and Mr. Gribble has no doubt read a large part of those writings: what use has he made of his materials? In the chapters dealing with his subject's American adventures, he has, seemingly, listened to the too skeptical Professor Bédier of the "Etudes critiques." Had he perused the dissertation of Dr. Madison Stathers he would hardly assert so nonchalantly that

Most likely the only rivers on whose waters he really floated were the Hudson and the Delaware; most likely the only forests in whose vastnesses he lost himself were those in the immediate vicinity of New York.

To suggest that Mr. Gribble is here too doubting a witness is not to express an unreserved acceptance of Chateaubriand's own unsupported testimony. There are no two ways about the traveller's having "romanticised" his "Voyage en Amérique." Only, certain details of that "voyage" have been pretty definitely verified that were scoffed at by M. Bédier; and Mr. Gribble, following, in these pages, close at the other's heels, has scoffed in his turn a little indiscreetly. Take the interview with George Washington, for example: "Chateaubriand, then, never saw Washington at all, or saw him only, as any one might have seen him, from a Philadelphia sidewalk." Mr. Gribble would scarcely have written these words had he read, either in the "Publications of the Modern Language Association," June, 1907, or in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1908, the copy of a letter of introduction carried to Washington by "M. de Combourg" (Chateaubriand), and signed by "Colonel Armand" (the Marquis de la Rouërie).

The truth is, Mr. Gribble has not been greatly interested in presenting an account of Chateaubriand that is veracious, in all its details. We fear that his fine phrase, "a synoptic view," is an afterthought, an apology. The writer has made great haste to get his hero out of American forests and English embarrassments into "society": that he might ensconce him comfortably in his "court of women." For here he is at home, this writer; and he has unexceptionable guides. In writing of the great romanticist enthroned among "the madames," Mr. Gribble has something to say of "the real Chateaubriand." His real Chateaubriand is "the Catholic Child Harold, with a dash, and perhaps rather more than a dash, of Don Juan." There is throughout, less of dignity, less of romance, than of a cynicism which seems at times almost too facile. One feels that the portraits executed of Chateaubriand at different stages of his career are too much tainted by this cynicism; so, not less, are the portraits of more than one lady, loving or loved. There is certainly a variety of these

personages; enough for the most exacting reader. Charlotte Ives is the type of unsophisticated maiden, or first love (later she reappears as a widow with three sons); there is the consumptive Pauline de Beaumont, forgotten for Delphine de Custine, "Queen of Roses"; and Natalie de Noailles-Mouchy, the Duchesse de Duras, Madame de C—, the Marquise de V—, have each her chapter, and her photogravure. As for Hortense Allart de Méritens, to say that she was a Roussellian blue-stocking is sufficiently to condemn her. Mr. Gribble makes no effort to lend a kind of edification even to the long *liaison* with Madame Récamier. He is an Englishman, and there is, perhaps, not a line in his book to shock the squeamish; and yet his very punctuation has a sinister squint; his . . . are prurient, and his dashes pander. There is, in all this, something of the naughtiness of a Sterne without the allurements. One cannot accuse Mr. Gribble of wanting a certain sprightliness. What one must not expect of him is valuable literary criticism of Chateaubriand, or even an informing account of Chateaubriand's journalism and political course. This is neither the "synoptic" nor the "ultimate" biography.

Early Church History to A. D. 313. By Henry Melvill Gwatkin, Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the University of Cambridge. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$5.25 net.

"The history of the Church of God is in its widest compass co-extensive with the history of the universe itself." This is an extraordinary sentence with which to begin a history of the early church, and it does not awaken confidence in the scientific character of the work. A little farther on the author continues:

If then the Gospel is a revelation of the eternal through facts of time, it cannot be treated simply as one religion among others. Given the revelation of God, comparative religion may help to show us how the forces of human nature clothed it with religions of men; but the application of comparative religion to the revelation itself is a fundamental error. We therefore start from the position that church history is simply the spiritual side of universal history, just as economic history is its economic side.

We had supposed that such transcendental points of view had been forever abandoned in historical writing, and to come upon them in the work of a Cambridge professor is a distinct shock. Nor are we greatly reassured by the concession:

Nevertheless, it is usually convenient to narrow again the meaning of church history by leaving out of its direct purview everything that took place before the coming of the Lord, or outside the visible so-

cieties which trace their origin to him; and this is the common use of the term. By thus limiting the subject we give it more unity and cut off some of the isolated matters which few students can discuss at first hand.

That it is only convenience or custom which makes church history a history of the church instead of an account of the religious life of the world at large or of the dealings of God with the human race—what could be more delightfully naïve and archaic! We are carried in imagination out of the garish light of modern science into the sacred and cloistered shades of a mediæval school of theology.

If by chance we have taken up the book because interested in the history of the early church, we shall probably lay it down at this point, for, however edifying it may be, it can certainly have no historical value. But if we read further we shall find that it is a mistake to judge the work by its opening pages. The theologian soon becomes the historian, and the result is on the whole a very respectable history of the early church. The work is not of the highest class, to be sure. It displays little historical imagination, constructive genius, real insight, or apprehension of the great controlling forces which made the Christian movement what it was. Moreover, the apostolic age, to which only twenty meagre and unsatisfactory pages are devoted, is treated in an altogether uncritical and conventional fashion. It is a pity that the traditional boundaries of the theological disciplines, to say nothing of the dogmatic views of the theologians, should lead to so sharp a division between the apostolic and the post-apostolic age. The latter cannot possibly be understood apart from the former, and such a summary as is given in chapter iv is worse than useless, for it only obscures the significance of the period of beginnings.

The long chapter on Gnosticism is far from satisfactory, and the results of recent investigations receive scant attention. This last is, in fact, a notable fault of the book which appears at many points. There is throughout too much dependence on the work of certain Cambridge scholars of the older school, as the singularly defective bibliographies at the close of each chapter only too pointedly suggest. Less than justice is done to Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, the greatest genius of the sub-apostolic age, when it is said "his words are rather sparkles of intense conviction than utterances of any profound thought" (p. 99). But in this judgment the author agrees with no less an authority than Harnack. Irenæus, too, fails to come to his full rights, for there is no recognition of the remarkable service he performed in combining the legal and mystical

principles of the early church, and laying down the framework of Catholic theology for all the centuries to come. Professor Gwatkin, however, is not alone in thus overlooking the significance of the old Bishop of Lyons. He has rarely received the credit which belongs to him as the most widely and permanently influential theologian of the ancient church.

On the other hand, Origen, Tertullian, and Cyprian are admirably handled, and Bishop Callixtus of Rome, who has all too commonly been unqualifiedly condemned in accordance with the judgment of his enemy Hippolytus, receives due recognition for his important services to the Western church. The chapters on the Christian Life, the Churches and the Church, Montanism, and Discipline Questions, are also very good. In fact, while the work has many glaring defects and is sadly lacking in unity, there are some excellent chapters, fair, accurate, and discriminating. Taken as a whole, the book, in spite of the apologetic emphasis of the early chapters, is commendably free from party spirit, and though by an Anglican clergyman, is not marred by the bias of a high and narrow ecclesiasticism.

American Inland Waterways. By Herbert Quick. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50 net.

In Mr. Quick's new book we have a rather impassioned and somewhat visionary study of our inland waterways in their broadest aspects, particularly in their relation to the national welfare, to the railways, and with respect to their restoration, extension, and maintenance for all the purposes involved in the present-day conservation movement. It was Bacon who said that three things are necessary to make a nation great and prosperous: "a fertile soil, busy workshops, and easy conveyance for men and commodities." Mr. Quick observes, in calling attention to this statement, that we have the first two of these prime requisites; but whether we shall make the most of our natural resources and of our industrial development must depend, to a large degree, upon the facilities which are available for carrying our products to the world's market.

Attention is directed to the strenuous efforts which other nations—our industrial and commercial rivals—have made in the past and continue to make in developing their inland waterways as an instrument in reducing transportation charges. In this connection, the work which has been accomplished in European countries is detailed. More particular reference is made to the activities of the Canadians in improving the St. Lawrence in order to turn toward Montreal an increasingly large

volume of commerce, to the detriment of New York. We are reminded also of the other waterways now in construction, or projected, which promise added advantages to other Canadian cities, in the heart of the continent. How the United States is to meet this situation, is the present writer's theme.

Enthusiasm seems to have carried him far beyond the realm of possibilities, for he proposes a scheme which, even though it were practicable, would involve the expenditure of considerably more money than could be commanded by the government for such a purpose prior, at all events, to the completion of the Panama Canal. Briefly, the inland waterways should be developed as a single system with uniform depths and widths of channels, so that vessels of a standard draft may be used. Under such conditions, barges could be billed to any point on the national system of waterways just as railway freight cars may be billed to far distant stations, provided the connecting lines are of a uniform gauge. But the waterways must also be conserved to meet other needs. The writer looks forward to the time when the burning of coal will be permitted only when it can be shown that water-power is not available for the desired purpose; when a "muddied" stream will constitute proof of crime in the district where the silt originates, and when the land will be dotted with reservoirs whose contents will furnish the water necessary to make the channels of all rivers sufficiently deep for navigation purposes in time of drought:

In those days the "blight of continental distances" will be removed. From Pembina on the north, Great Falls on the northwest, and Sackett's Harbor on the northeast, down to the Gulf, will run the new seaboard, and the same ships will ply the lakes in summer and carry cargoes to the tropics in winter.

This volume is the latest addition of the publishers to their American Waterways Series. It is profusely illustrated, and, so far as workmanship is concerned, is of exceptional excellence.

Notes.

Prof. Wilbur Cross's book on "The Life and Times of Laurence Sterne," only recently issued, is to be followed by a biography of Sterne by Lewis Melville.

Early in the new year the Putnams will publish a book by Julius Chambers entitled "The Mississippi River," which will be included in the American Waterways Series. Here one may look for an account of the great river from its sources to the sea, of its place in romance, in religion, in diplomacy, in war, and in peace.

D. G. Hogarth is the author of a book which the Macmillan Co. announces for early issue under the title "Accidents of an Antiquary's Life." The author is a

well-known English traveller and explorer, and Dr. Arthur Evans's successor as keeper of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. The new book will deal with adventures in Greece and Asia Minor and will be fully illustrated.

The Charities Publication Committee of New York announces for early issue in 1910 "Our Slavic Fellow Citizens," a study of Slav immigration both abroad and in the United States, by Prof. Emily Greene Balch of Wellesley College. Another promised volume is a handbook on housing reform by Lawrence Veiller, former deputy commissioner of the Tenement House Department; and the full findings of the well-known Pittsburgh survey will be brought out by the committee in six volumes as publications of the Russell Sage Foundation.

For those persons who still believe that Thackeray was a naughty cynic—hard, cold, and unfeeling—we can think of no better fate than to receive "The Sense and Sentiment of Thackeray"—being selections compiled from his works and correspondence by Mrs. Charles Mason Fairbanks (Harper & Bros.). To be sure, this will be no punishment; but is it not the season of peace and good will? Thackeray is reputed to be one of women's severest judges; his cruelty toward the cruel sex is often alleged against him by suffragette-critics. Mrs. Fairbanks has brought together here a series of passages in praise of woman which quite convince us that Thackeray was as other men. And if Eve had not eaten of that apple, he writes in a "Letter to His Mother," and her children "had gone on living forever quite happy in a smirking paradisiacal nudity, it wouldn't have been half the world it is!"

The "Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed," selected and arranged by Ferris Greenslet, forms the latest issue of that delightful series of special editions printed at the Riverside Press for Houghton Mifflin Co. It happened by chance that the writer of this note had just read through Praed's works in the standard two-volume edition when this selection came into his hands. He was struck by the great service rendered to such a poet as Praed by this expurgation of the feeble and faulty. The failures of a great poet may have their value, but in the case of a writer whose only strength is finesse, every dull page, every flat line, is a distinct diminution of the reader's pleasure. Praed as he stands after Mr. Greenslet's winnowing is pure gold, without a redundancy and with nothing lacking. Possibly the tale of "The Red Fisherman" is not so impressive as the editor believes, and the present writer would hesitate to give it a place in preference to "The Eve of Battle"; but its omission would have left the collection without an example of the tales, and it has at least a pleasant savor of "Ingoldsby." The editor was certainly wise in including all five of the "Every-Day Characters" and in setting them at the head of the volume. There is nothing in English more perfectly charming in their kind than "The Vicar" and "Quince." Here Praed is something more than the maker of *vers de société*, yet their tone blends easily with "The County Ball" and "Good Night to the Season," which are the very quintessence of the *genre*.

A presentable example of ornate, yet

tasteful, bookmaking is issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons in their edition of Cicero "On Friendship" and of Emerson's essay on the same subject, with decorations by Edith and Mildred Cowles. These colored decorations, consisting of more or less conventionalized floral patterns of unobtrusive quality, are unquestionably the distinction of the volume. In addition to the text of the essays, the book offers on the pages facing the text a collection of maxims, "old and new, bearing upon the same theme as the essays themselves." The type from which this book of friendship is printed has an admirable clearness and simplicity.

Van Wyck Brooks's criticism of American civilization and of American institutions, which is very attractively issued through Mitchell Kennerley under the title "The Wine of the Puritans," loses somewhat by the want (as it seems to us) of a guiding principle or central idea. Yet much of the criticism, aptly phrased by the lay figures of a sustained dialogue, is telling enough; as that which, expressed as a rhetorical question, we may reproduce:

Do we not condescend to allow life itself an economic value, the office hour being the real criterion by which we measure these things ["religion and recreation and literature"] and to which we accommodate them all? We take our exercise, not primarily because we love exercise, but because we can do our work better for it. We read, not primarily because we love reading, but to rest our minds from our work.

There are here a whole sheaf of really excellent little sermons, phrased with a more than common cleverness—if only the right people will read them!

The plays of Robert Greene, with notes and introduction by Thomas H. Dickinson, form a welcome addition to the Mermaid Series (Scribner), of a dramatic author hitherto not easily and inexpensively accessible in his completeness. One can scarcely avoid observing that this volume departs somewhat from the traditions of the series. It is more candid about the basis of the text and more solicitous about collation and early editions and dates than most of its predecessors. Furthermore, the introduction occupies nearly sixty closely printed pages, which is from two to three times the length of the light and alluring prefaces provided by such polite penmen as Ellis, Symonds, Swinburne, *et al.* The difference is not merely in length, nor is it wholly to the advantage of the latest editor. A novice in dramatic lore or a mere layman could pick up one of the earlier issues, and in a few minutes pass pleasantly through the induction to a new author. Not so with the strenuously historical-critical prologue to Greene, dense with argumentative detail; packed with allusion, bristling with points of reference. Only the hardened Elizabethan scholar of the new school, familiar with the whole field of pre-Shakespearean drama, feeling an ardent interest in minute points of chronology, and acquainted with the opinions on Greene put forth by Dyce, Grosart, Ward, Gayley, Churton Collins, and others—only such a reader will make his way through this introduction intelligently and with proper edification. To those who have not kept in touch with the Greene literature, Mr. Dickinson's frequent air of threshing things out for the first time may easily make his dis-

cussion appear more "originative," to use one of his own words, than it really is, especially in regard to the crux of recent controversy, the dating of the plays. It accepts the same plays as the much criticized edition of Collins, prints them in the same order (the order defended by Gayley, also), and with similar reference to Greene's dependence on Marlowe; but it fortifies with every available probability the position of those who believe that Greene commenced his dramatic work about 1587, instead of about 1591. The merit of this edition is not in the absolute determination of vexed points, but in the rejection of eccentric conjecture and in assembling in pretty solid form the biographical and critical materials prepared by the more judicious forerunners.

Dutch tenacity and Irish good humor were happily blended in the man who for above fifty years was the middle term between China and the Occident. In "Sir Robert Hart: The Romance of a Great Career" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) we have a true story told by his niece, Juliet Bredon, while the portraits and more than a score of illustrations help us to know the man amid the surroundings in which his unique success was won. The Dutch Captain Van Hart, who came to Ireland with King William III, distinguished himself in the Battle of the Boyne, and received the township of Kilmoriarty as a reward, was his ancestor. Hart fed his soul with Emerson's Essays, came under the inspiring influence of Dr. McCosh, afterwards of Princeton, and, receiving nomination to consular service, reached China in 1854, serving there until 1908.

There, as the greatest of the alien advisers, whom the Chinese, like the Japanese, engaged to assist them in bridging the chasm between ancient and modern life, Robert Hart was known in the ordinary conversation of foreigners in China as the I. G. (inspector-general). He gained the full confidence of his employers by asking no personal favors, by unremitting toil, and by an honesty that seemed in China to savor of the unearthly. He made many fast friends, though not all his fellow-Britishers understood him. After Hart had virtually established China's credit and opened the river of silver that flowed in from the customs, he established the postal system, and acted as diplomatic tactotum. More than once he averted war, at the cost, in one case, of \$50,000 spent in telegrams to Europe. After the siege of Peking, he took up his manifold labors again, but though his hands might be Briarean and his shoulders those of Atlas, his brain refused to rest in the night hours. To escape insomnia he returned home to rest, leaving his career behind him with no frayed edges that could tangle. He had fulfilled all his ambitions. He was offered the post of British minister, which he declined. Decorated no fewer than twenty-four times, with sixteen jewels to wear, thirteen of which were Grand Crosses, he never wore any of them when he could help it, and never more than one at a time. Some one described him as "a small insignificant Irishman." The narrative is exceedingly well written, with no fulsome praise. Some stress is laid upon remarkable coincidences and things prophetic in youth, while anecdotes brighten the story. The pen pictures of Li Hung Chang, "Chi-

nese" Gordon, of Alcock, Wade, and Harry Parkes, and other figures of the past half century in China, are clearly drawn.

In 1905 the American Historical Association appointed a committee of eight to consider the question of the teaching of history in the elementary schools. The report of this committee has now been issued in the form of a small book of 141 pages (Charles Scribner's Sons). It consists of an introduction stating the nature of the problem and setting forth the point of view adopted, an elaborate outline of a course of historical study for all grades from the first to the eighth, and various appendices on method, subsidiary subjects such as constitutional history and civics, hints for the teacher, illustrative material, etc. The members of the committee have been manifestly influenced by French and German models in their recommendation that the ultimate end and aim of elementary historical instruction should be patriotic, that is, the explanation of "the America of to-day, its civilization, its institutions, and its traditions." Their plan is worked out very minutely in chapters devoted to each grade, with topics, suggestions, and titles of books. Criticism of the scheme must await the test of application. As it stands it seems artificial and overlaid with subjects and detail. It has, on the other hand, an admirable simplicity of purpose, whether or not we approve of patriotism as the chief objective point. If nothing more than the formulation of a common plan be gained, the report will have justified its existence, and we can but hope that its value will be put to the proof. The worst feature is the final bibliography, of which the committee should be heartily ashamed. At best the list is a poor one, but it is rendered a positive menace to the teacher by the carelessness with which it has been compiled. Some of the names and initials are wrong, a score of titles are grotesquely incorrect, and publishers' names are sometimes given and sometimes not. To cap the climax, Rhodes's history (long since complete in seven volumes), is allowed but four volumes, though a fifth, we are told, is announced by the publisher!

The second volume of the "Acts of the Privy Council of England," edited by William Lawson Grant, Beit lecturer in colonial history in the University of Oxford, and James Munro, university assistant in history in the University of Edinburgh, will be published at the end of the current month. Besides materials for the history of the Continental colonies, the volume will contain a great deal of matter relating to Barbados, including several appeals from that island to the council. It will cover the period from 1681 to 1720.

Edgcumbe Staley's "Famous Women of Florence" (Scribner) is an extraordinary compound of wide but ill-digested and inaccurate erudition, puerile invention, and fustian rhetoric. Since William Godwin's romancing life of Chaucer the world has hardly seen the like. At no point can one trust Mr. Staley. His Italian is shockingly printed, his identifications of portraits often purely fanciful and sometimes impossible, his attributions of pictures absurdly erroneous. No statement can be taken without verification. Dante's Beatrice, Lucrezia Tornabuoni, La Simonetta,

of Giuliano de' Medici, Giovanna degli Albizzi, Alessandra—"the Mother of the Strozzi," Leonardo's Mona Lisa, and Bianca Capello are his seven heroines. In every case he naturally gives full credit to legend. He finds La Simonetta's features in half the contemporary paintings of Florence. About her he has evidently read prodigiously, but, characteristically, not the single work that might have set him right, Herbert Horne's "Botticelli." Since its handsome form and attractive illustrations might impose it upon the unwary we have given undeserved space to a grotesquely bad book.

"Men and Manners of Old Florence" (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.) represents certain of Commendatore Guido Biagi's too rare excursions in general letters. Most of the material, including the forty-nine colotype illustrations, is unhackneyed and much of it inedited. The first of the five essays describes Florence at the time of Dante. The second passes to Boccaccio's day, and is upon the MS. "Book of Good Examples and Good Manners" of Messer Paolo, son of Pace of Certaldo. Messer Paolo is a precious repository of sapientia, and his examples prove that Tuscan canniness has not altered with the passing centuries. Among his maxims are: "Be not so bitter that every man spitteth thee out of his mouth, nor yet so sweet that every man sucketh thee dry." More distinctly moral is the counsel not to take money fraudulently; "That thou mayest not have to render it again, which would seem too hard for thee." Paolo quotes with unction from a nameless wise man the saying: "Whosoever cheateth thee once, God will curse him; whosoever cheateth thee twice God will curse him and thee; but if thou art cheated thrice, God will curse thee alone." A reading of this Tuscan Poor Richard will show that long before Messrs. Papini and William James had exchanged compliments, pragmatic morals were thoroughly understood in Florence. From miscellaneous sources our author displays the growing luxury and looseness of living as Florence passes into the Renaissance. His picture of the fullblown prime of humanism is set about the figure of the courtesan Tullia of Arragon. Her beauty and wit attached to her at one time or another most of the poets worth having beside an impressive following of non-literary notabilities. Six of those at Rome once challenged the world to disprove that she "by reason of her infinite virtue" was not "the most meritorious of all women of the past, present, or future age." Nobody drew blade to prove the contrary. She spent much of her life in evading the humiliations of her conditions, succeeded only in part, and died in the odor of piety, leaving certain meritorious sonnets which are thought to be chiefly of Benedetto Varchi's framing. Here the book skips two centuries and a half and ends with post-Napoleonic Florence—the return of Ferdinand III, the last days of the Countess of Albany, momentary apparitions of Byron and Shelley, and such glimpses of the new Italy as Leopardi and the infant Victor Emmanuel. This chapter is an extensive *genre* scene most delicately and faithfully drawn, and possibly the most engaging feature of a thoroughly delightful book. Except for a venial misprint or two we note no error except the attribution of Matteo

Palmieri's Assumption of the Virgin to Botticelli. Criticism has rightly relegated this heretical composition to the satellite Francesco Botticini.

Frederick Greenwood, the first editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and founder, with several of his associates, on that journal, of the *St. James Gazette*, died in London December 16. His books include two volumes on the third Napoleon, a "Lover's Lexicon," and a study of dreams.

George Park Fisher, the theologian, died December 20, at Litchfield, Conn., in his eighty-third year. He was born at Wrentham, Mass., and was a graduate of Brown University (1847). He was also a student at the Yale Divinity School, the Andover Theological Seminary, and in Germany. In 1854 he was appointed to the Livingston professorship of divinity at Yale, and also college preacher. Seven years later he was appointed to the congenial professorship of ecclesiastical history, and in 1865 he brought out his first book, a volume of essays on "The Supernatural Origin of Christianity," with special reference to the theory of Renan and Strauss. The following year he published a life of the elder Silliman, and, in 1873, one of his most noted works, the "History of the Reformation." Between 1880 and 1884 came out his "Early Christian Literature Primers"; in 1882, "The Christian Religion," which was translated into Japanese; "The Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief" (1883), and "Outlines of Universal History" (1885). Like the last book cited, his "History of the Christian Church" (1888) has been extensively used as a standard text book; and in rapid succession, during the ensuing years, have come his "Manual of Christian Evidences" (1890), a brief work setting forth the principal topics of definition and proof in reference to revealed religion; "Nature and Method of Revelation" (1890), with its argument adapted to meet pantheism; "The Colonial Era" (1892); a "Manual of Natural Theology" (1893); his "History of Christian Doctrine" (1896); "Brief History of Nations" (1896), and "Edwards on the Trinity," etc. (1903). For several years, beginning in 1866, Professor Fisher was an editor of the *New Englander*, and he was a contributor to a number of the reviews. At the Yale Divinity School he was probably the most eminent successor of a line of theologians who were leaders in the development, in more liberal directions, of the stern old creed of New England Congregationalism. Though never active in politics, he was a leader in that Yale group which, in 1884, broke away from the Republican party. Never afterward did he acknowledge any party tie, although an eager advocate of reforms in the tariff, in the civil service, etc., and an opponent to jingoism.

Charles Ledyard Norton, formerly editor of the *Christian Union*, the *Domestic Union*, the *American Canoeist*, and *Outing*, died at Sandwich, Mass., December 15, in his seventy-third year. He was a graduate of Yale College (1859) and served in the civil war, commanding the Seventy-eighth—a negro regular regiment. He was the author of several books for boys, of "A Handbook of Florida," and of "Political Americanisms."

From India is reported the death of Romesh Tute, C. I. E., who latterly occupied the post of Revenue Minister of

Baroda. He was the author of two romances, "The Lake of Palms" and "The Slave Girl of Agra."

Science.

The Cambridge Natural History. Vol. IV. *Crustacea and Arachnids*. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$4.25 net.

The last volume of the ten books of natural history, composing the series issued by the University of Cambridge (England), has now appeared. Its editors may well be congratulated upon the completion of such an undertaking, whose vastness and difficulty can be adequately appreciated only by the skilled zoölogist. It covers the whole field of animal life from the protozoa to the mammals. That the volume under notice, the fourth of the series, should be the last to appear, is due to the fact that the death of Prof. W. F. B. Weldon, to whom had been assigned the crustacea, occurred while he was at work on this important section. The task thus sadly interrupted was taken up by Geoffrey Smith, who has wrought his part admirably, utilizing such of Professor Weldon's materials as were available; these being limited chiefly to the Brachiopoda.

This fourth volume of the natural history embraces the crustacea and arachnida. Following the characteristics of the preceding volumes, it is not intended for popular reading, but for the use of students of biology, who wish to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the interesting forms of animal life with which it concerns itself. And the importance of the crustaceans and arachnids appears from the fact that, with the insecta and myriapoda, they make up the great group of the arthropoda, which, in number of species and individuals, is the dominant one on our planet, and furnishes some of the most interesting examples of instinctive habits, challenging comparison with those exhibited by the vertebrates. The student of biology who turns to this volume will not be disappointed in its value as a serviceable hand-book. Even the intelligent general reader will find much to attract attention. Perhaps the nearest approach to what may be regarded as "popular" treatment occurs in that part of Cecil Warburton's work on Araneæ (the spiders) which relates to their habits. Those who have been interested in the widely credited traditions that have associated various historic personages with spiders in their susceptibility to music, will find that this writer unites with other araneologists in scouting such stories. Mr. Warburton, in his studies, has made free use of such American authorities as Dr. McCook's "American Spiders and Their Spinning-work," Professor and Mrs. Peckham's unique and interesting studies, the val-

uable publications of Professor Emerton, the work of the late Dr. Marx. Nor has he forgotten Professor Hentz, the pioneer of our rather small group of American students of these animals. It is pleasant to record that full and generous credit is given to the authors thus drawn upon. And it is no less pleasant to observe how numerous, clear, and satisfactory are the drawings that illustrate the text.

"The Mammals of Colorado," by Prof. Edwin R. Warren, is one of the books to be issued early in 1910 through the Putnams. The volume will be thoroughly illustrated with photographs and diagrams.

R. W. Sindall's "Manufacture of Paper" (D. Van Nostrand Co.) gives a full survey of the various processes employed in the making of paper, and discusses with chemical knowledge the different fibres available. The book will be of practical service to those who purchase as to those who manufacture paper.

Hilary Bauerman, for many years professor of metallurgy at the Ordnance College, Woolwich, England, has died. He was the author of an important study of the "Metallurgy of Iron," was the editor of an enlarged edition of Phillips's "Elements," and for the Longman series of Textbooks of Science wrote volumes on "Systematic Mineralogy" and "Descriptive Mineralogy." Much of his writing was done for the technical journals.

Drama.

Having given representations of tragedy, melodrama, a social problem play, and a romance, the New Theatre, in the proper discharge of its functions as a stock company house, has now made its first essay in the interpretation of artificial comedy. Its performance of "The School for Scandal," admirable in many respects, was, nevertheless, in its general effect distinctly disappointing. And the significant point is that this result was due, apparently, not so much to the individual incapacity of any of the players—for there was no noticeably weak spot in the cast—as to a deliberate and mistaken attempt on the part of the responsible managers to renovate Sheridan's masterpiece by expressing it, as nearly as possible, in terms of modern realism. They were wholly justified, beyond question, in suppressing certain purely theatrical extravagances—the gross caricature of Moses, for example—which have accumulated in the course of years, and were as absurd as they were inartistic, but they were grievously in error in trying to modernize speech and action to the detriment of comic force. There is no good reason for endeavoring to bring "The School for Scandal" up to date. The achievement, even if desirable, would be impossible, except by rewriting, a task which madness itself would gambol from. The play is a satirical picture of eighteenth century, not twentieth century, life and manners, and the speech and the action are in accordance with the habits, domestic and theatrical, of that time. Both are formal and harmonize perfectly in their formality. Manifestly, the play, if presented as a

classic example of a bygone period of literary and dramatic art, must be given in the spirit and manner of Sheridan, which involve, indisputably, a certain measure of exaggeration. To dilute the humor of it, by a failure to give due emphasis to the calculated wit of the dialogue, or by undue restraint of the exuberance of action, which not only matches the wit, but is essential to its full pictorial expression, is to misrepresent it. Moreover, any effort to transform the characters into contemporaneous personalities must result in an over-accentuation of the artifice in the language which is put into their mouths.

In a word, the whole play is a piece of extraordinarily brilliant artifice, although it is at the same time a marvellously truthful exposition of ordinary human frailties. It owes its immortality, not to the eternal verities contained in it, but to the richness of the literary and dramatic humor with which it is charged. The liberation of this humor is the prime object to be aimed at in stage representation, and in this the performance of the New Theatre was only partly successful. Unfortunately the realistic process employed was most mischievous in the most vital scenes. The auction, the quarrel between Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, and the famous screen scene, though successful by virtue of their own inherent qualities, fell a long way short of their legitimate effect. They were played skillfully, smoothly, intelligently, and, in a way, naturally, but innumerable good points, not only in delivery but by-play—almost sanctified by the best usage—were either missed altogether, or so badly slurred that they passed for nothing. The actors seemed to be laboring under severe restriction, and their work, though sound, was devoid of all brilliancy. It lacked effervescence, sparkle and fire. No doubt, some injudicious elisions in the ordinary theatrical text, and the failure—whether by design or through inability, it matters little—to bring out the full comic power of the lines, had much to do with this dramatic tameness. It is certain that minor scenes, played by actors who, in speech and action, adhered more closely to the precise and artificial, but artistically appropriate methods of the older comedy, were infinitely more effective. The Mrs. Candour of Rose Coghlan, for instance, was admirable. So were the Crabtree of Mr. Bruning, the Backbite of Mr. Gottschalk, and the Sir Oliver—although this was lacking in unction—of E. M. Holland. The Sir Peter of Mr. Louis Calvert, while humorous and sympathetic, needed ginger. Mr. Lang's Charles, debonair and easy, had not the right devil-may-care glitter; the Joseph of Mr. Anson, would have been wholly excellent, with an added touch of suppleness and suavity. As a whole the performance was creditable and interesting; but a trifle pedantic. An infusion of the ancient spirit would improve it amazingly.

"The City," the last play written by Clyde Fitch, which was presented for the first time here in the Lyric Theatre on Tuesday evening, is, in its weaknesses and excellences, perfectly characteristic of the author. By virtue of the high pitch of melodramatic intensity to which it attains, at the end of the second act, after a series of ingenious and exciting complications, it is likely to prove one of his most successful achievements. The climactic scene,

aided by some extraordinarily vivid emotional acting by Mr. Tully Marshall, provoked such an outburst of enthusiastic applause as is seldom heard in a theatre. But the play, in spite of its exceeding cleverness, its deft construction, its realistic characterizations, and its exciting incidents, is too full of artifice to be placed in the first rank. The action is not dominated throughout by sincere purpose, and has no specially significant bearing upon the proposed theme, the comparative advantages and opportunities of city and country life. The plot is extravagant, unpleasant, and violent, rather than strong; and the tragic outcome—which is purely theatrical, not inevitable—is due solely, so far as it is logical at all, to personal, not to local, influences. Actually the promise of a fine and potential comedy, with which the play opens, is ruthlessly sacrificed to lurid melodramatic effect. In this final work, Mr. Fitch shows that, as an inventor of a plausible, thrilling, novel, and abnormal central situation, he was more than a match for any of his younger competitors in this line, while he could easily excel all of them in the art of theatrical craftsmanship and the writing of life-like dialogue. The play will probably be a commercial triumph, but the judicious will grieve that the ability so strikingly displayed in it was not inspired by a higher aim and governed by a more artistic discretion.

It is stated that H. G. Wells has almost completed a play, which will be produced in due time by a prominent London actor-manager, who is himself to enact the hero. The scene is understood to be laid in a region entirely unknown hitherto, except to the author. Other plays have been staged in like territory before now.

Yet another historical drama, and, if not an epochal addition to its flimsy class, at least a very ingenious piece of stagecraft, is Emile Moreau's "Procès de Jeanne d'Arc," recently presented in Paris. It is a reassuring circumstance that contemporary playwrights, including M. Moreau, have learned the lesson that in these historical transcripts it is necessary to choose, and that, in some cases, the half is better than the whole. So it is in dealing with the career of the Maid, and M. Moreau has wisely treated only the final tragic episode. He has not hesitated, either, to romanticise his documents, and whether or not the phrase is allowable, the thing most assuredly is. Great praise belongs to the interpreter of Jeanne, Sarah Bernhardt, who seems indeed to have the secret of the great elixir. The purity no less than the intrepid courage of the heroine was finely expressed, and interest in this, the latest play by the author of "Madame Sans-Gêne," was unflagging so long as she occupied the stage.

Music.

Johann Sebastian Bach. By C. Hubert H. Parry. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50 net.

The adage that time brings its revenge has perhaps never been so forcibly illustrated as in the case of John Sebastian Bach. At his death, no one

appears to have had the faintest glimmering of his greatness as a composer, and his widow died as an almswoman. Half a century of almost complete oblivion followed, and it took the combined enthusiasm of Mendelssohn, Schumann, and many other musicians following their lead, gradually to convince the world that he was the deepest of all musical thinkers. To-day, he is universally accepted as such; by the revenge of time he even gets credit not only for his own stupendous achievements, but for what others did before him in so far as their methods are reflected in his works. With the exception of Handel and Palestrina, his predecessors and contemporaries have faded away, and he now stands as the great exponent of musical thought and practice in the first half of the eighteenth century and what preceded it.

Yet, although Bach has thus been put on the pedestal he deserved, the musical world still knows barely one-tenth of the treasures he left it. His life's output is, as his latest biographer remarks, "so enormous that even the rare enthusiasts who chance to combine sincere intentions with an exceptional allowance of leisure may well be driven to despair of ever mastering a subject so vast." It is therefore a matter for sincere congratulation that this latest biographer, Sir Hubert H. Parry, is better qualified than any other musical author to perform the task of guiding music lovers to what is best among the unrevealed treasures of Bach's genius. In all Europe there are probably only two or three other musical scholars as erudite as Sir Hubert and at the same time as well qualified to set forth their knowledge in lucid language. As a matter of course, he is under deep obligations to Philip Spitta, who spent a lifetime of hard work, devotion, and ingenuity in rescuing from oblivion all that could be gathered about Bach's activity. But Spitta wrote as a specialist for specialists; his voluminous work is not for reading, but for reference; he marshalled a vast array of superfluous knowledge and failed to give a clear idea of the personality of the composer or a total impression of his work.

From these defects the Englishman's work is free. It is, as the subtitle indicates, "The Story of the Development of a Great Character," or, as the preface puts it, "a consideration of the life of a great composer mainly from the point of view of artistic development and self-expression." As Sir Hubert truly adds, on another page, of all the composers whose personality gains in fascination and whose individuality becomes more and more eloquent with the passage of time, John Sebastian Bach stands foremost. The records of his life are as scant as those of Shakespeare's, yet how many interesting books have been written on that poet and his

works! Sir Hubert's "Bach" should be put on the same shelf with them. To every student, serious amateur, and public performer it is of absorbing interest, not only because of what it tells of Bach and his works but for the light it sheds, on almost every page, on the evolution and history of music in general.

The most vivid and important impression the general reader will get from a perusal of this book is that Bach was the exact opposite of the "bigwig stuffed with learning" he was, until nearly a century after his death, supposed to be. While his name is chiefly associated in most minds with the word fugue, it is true of him that "no composer ever attained to anything approaching the spontaneity, freshness, and winsomeness of his dances"; his suites and sonatas being, in fact, made up chiefly of bourrées, gavottes, gigue, passepieds, and other dances. These dances were those in vogue in his day; but while no longer danced, they are musically in vogue as much as ever and still produced in large quantities, so that Bach is in this respect, as in many others, really modern. His modernity is further revealed by the facts that in an age of much artificial ornamentation, he made even that serve the purpose of personal characterization and expression (p. 92); that "in the use of modulations for the purposes of expression, he often forestalled the most surprising effects of the most adventurous modern composers" (p. 547); that in vivacity, variety, elasticity, and frankness of rhythmic force, he was superior to all composers of his time (p. 27); and that while he is wonderful enough in the more conventional and regular forms of tune (dances), he is "far more so in the deeply expressive rhapsodical melody, the outpouring of copious and genuine feeling" (p. 555). On this rhapsodic side of Bach's music, which associates him with the modern romantic school, our author dwells repeatedly. Bach was the very opposite of a pedant or a formalist. Even of the fugue form he took an extremely independent view, being often driven by his impulses to abandon the accepted principles of fugal structure. And when we read what Sir Hubert has to say (pp. 65-6, 72-4, 221) about Bach's transcriptions and arrangements, and his occupation with the works of other masters, we feel almost as if we were reading about Franz Liszt.

In face of the wealth of helpful information and stimulating suggestion in Parry's volume, one feels somewhat as one does in face of Bach's own works—quite unable to present an adequate conception of its value. To make only one more comment, Dr. Parry is by no means blind to Bach's faults and shortcomings, most of which, to be sure, were those of his age. He refers to them frankly (e. g., pp. 23, 68, 77, 108, 121-3,

125, 170, 205, 545, 564); and these pages are among the most illuminating in the whole volume. Particularly interesting is his exposition (p. 125) of the defects of Bach's orchestration, in one of which, to be sure, Bach shakes hands with Richard Strauss.

One of the most famous predecessors of Gluck, whose "Orfeo" is to be revived tonight at the Metropolitan, was Monteverdi. It is commonly supposed that Meyerbeer and Wagner were the culprits who first wrote operas of excessive length; but these, like most other things musical, originated in Italy. Monteverdi, a seventeenth-century reformer, who had many good things in common with Wagner, also shared his reckless garrulity. His best opera, "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," lasted five hours, which is longer than "Parsifal." This opera is of great historic interest from many points of view. Until a few years ago it existed only in one manuscript copy, in Venice, and this copy was almost illegible and full of copyists' errors. Hugo Goldschmidt transcribed it into the modern notation, and Breitkopf & Härtel published it as volume II of "Studien zur Geschichte der italienischen Oper." Some of the vocal passages would be found effective and dramatic even in a modern opera house; but what is of particular interest is that Monteverdi's opera contains in several places a primitive sort of leading motives.

The death of Ebenezer Prout, professor of music in the University of Dublin since 1894, is announced. He was born March 1, 1835, and was a graduate of London University. An industrious composer, he wrote four symphonies, and his orchestral works include also two overtures, a suite in D, and a suite de ballet. As a theorist he was the author of "Harmony: Its Theory and Practice" (1889), "Counterpoint, Strict and Free" (1890), "Double Counterpoint and Canon" (1891), a succession of books upon fugue, and a volume entitled "The Orchestra." From 1876 to 1882 he was professor of harmony and composition at the National Training School, and later he held like positions at the Royal College of Music and at the Guildhall School. Among his pupils at the Royal College was Eugène d'Albert. Prout succeeded Sir Arthur Sullivan as a member of the Royal Academy of Music. He was first editor of the *Monthly Musical Record* (1871-1874), and a frequent contributor after the editorial connection was severed. Later he was musical critic of the *Academy*; and, from 1879 to 1889, the critic of the *Athenæum*. His reputation as a lecturer was considerable, and, besides contributing to the *Musical Times*, he wrote over fifty articles for Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians."

Art.

Visitors to the American exhibition held at the Metropolitan Museum in honor of the Hudson-Fulton commemoration may not have noticed that, as regards furniture, it was made up largely from a single collection, that of H. E. Bolles, Esq., of Boston. To him the Museum naturally turned, for probably no other collector has culti-

vated this branch with equal patience, taste, and science. Mr. Bolles has the instincts of an archaeologist and sought out not merely fine examples, but variations of regular types, and series of objects representing the development of design. It is good news, then, that through the generosity of Mrs. Russell Sage, not merely the pieces still on exhibition, but the entire collection, comprising nearly seven hundred items, become the property of the Metropolitan Museum. Thus is added what is virtually a complete department of American domestic art, from earliest Colonial times to the first quarter of the nineteenth century.

At Durand-Ruel's Gallery in New York city six paintings by Edouard Manet are now on exhibition. The painfully realistic *Ecce Homo* has often been seen before; to it are added the *Faure as Hamlet*, *The Reader*, *the Woman before the Looking Glass*, *The Beggar*, and a sketch of *Boulogne Sands*.

The collection of the late Theron R. Butler of New York city, which is rich in paintings of the Barbizon school, is to be sold next month. It will be on view at the American Art Galleries, Madison Square South, from January 1 to January 7. On the evening of the latter date the pictures will be sold at Mendelssohn Hall. A catalogue de luxe, richly illustrated with photogravures, limited to one hundred and twenty-five copies, has been issued in connection with this sale at \$15 the copy.

We have received the first number of *Schlesien*, an illustrated fortnightly review, published by Fritz and Karl Giwinnat Breslau. It is devoted mainly to arts and crafts in Silesia, and the illustration is of a superior order. A note on the Breslau exhibition of religious art is one of the more attractive articles. The editor is the well-known authority on education, Bruno Clemenz.

Until Hugh P. Lane brought about the foundation of a gallery of modern art in Dublin, Ireland was the only country in Europe that had no such gallery. Dublin did possess a fine collection of the old masters, but there was not even a private collection of modern pictures that was accessible. Five or six years ago an exhibition of the works of Irish artists was held in the Guildhall in London; widespread interest was kindled, and the idea of a gallery of modern art in Dublin took definite form. Mr. Lane, who is noted for his skill in judging "young" pictures, presented his collection, including Rodin's *Age of Bronze*, and the Dublin Municipal Council supplied the gallery and the funds for maintaining it. Liberal gifts were made by various individuals, and the results of three years are shown by a catalogue, now before us. Among the Barbizon school pictures are nine Corots, including the *Palace of the Popes at Avignon* and a *Woman Meditating*; there are two paintings by Puvion de Chavannes, one being a large decorative work, *The Beheading of John the Baptist*; Fantin-Latour, Diaz, Monticelli, Jacob Maris, and Harpignies are well represented, and there are, too, two Manets (*the Tuileries Concert* and *the Eva Gonzales*), Renoir's *Parapluies*, a Degas, and some Monets.

In 1863 Thomas Denison Lewis left 10,000 pounds sterling to the National Gallery. It

was the earliest bequest in money. Maurice W. Brockwell has traced the consequences of this benefaction in the scholarly book "*The National Gallery: Lewis' Bequest*" (London: George Allen & Sons). If anything were needed to prove the value and permanence of this sort of gift, it would be the record achieved in forty-five years with the slender annual income of a thousand dollars or so. Ambrogio Lorenzetti, Signorelli, Antonello da Messina, Tiepolo are the names that most adorn the Italian pages. Portraits by Joos van Cleve the Elder, Mabuse, and Frans Hals—the first the Gallery acquired—are the most attractive Netherlands acquisitions from this fund. The French list includes a very rare painting by the illustrator St. Aubin, and a portrait by David. More notable still are such English accessions as Hogarth's portraits of his servants, Gainsborough's spacious *Wood Scene*, *Village of Cornard*; Gilbert Stuart's portrait of himself, Old Crome's *Windmill on Mousehold Heath*, Ford Madox Brown's *Chaucer at the Court of Edward III*, and finally an entire group of pictures and sketches by that sculptor-painter of genius Alfred Stevens. All the minute research that goes to make a catalogue of this kind useful, the author has accomplished ungrudgingly. Here we have for the first time in English the result of the recent discoveries about Antonello da Messina. More strangely, we read here for the first time the correct date of Alfred Stevens's birth, December 30, 1817, and dispose forever of the superfluous middle name, George, that posterity had imposed on him. The volume has all the points of a well-made museum handbook, is fully illustrated, and offers for good measure a statistical comparison of European and American galleries as regards Italian old masters. These confessedly incomplete figures bring into relief the richness of the National Gallery and of the private collections of London, whereas America can be said only to have made a fair beginning.

From Madrid is reported the death of Augustin Querol, the sculptor, on December 14. He recently submitted a model for the Columbus monument which is to be erected at Washington.

Julius Bien, painter and lithographer, died December 21 in New York city, in his eighty-fourth year. He was born in Hesse-Cassel, Germany, and came to the United States in 1849. In 1852 he illustrated "*American Locomotives and Railroads*," and, later, the *Coast Survey Reports*, *Pacific Railway Surveys*, *Heyden's and Powell's Expeditions*, *Atlas of the Records of Rebellion*, *Statistical Atlas of United States Censuses*, and many other government and State reports. From 1889 he was president of the National Lithographers' Association.

Finance.

COST OF LIVING AND THE MONEY MARKET.

Rise in the cost of living is not a new subject of controversy. The London *Economist's* well-known "index number," averaging commodity prices, had advanced 13½ per cent. between 1897 and 1904. But between 1904 and the mid-

dle of 1907, a period less than half as long, there was a further rise of nearly 22 per cent. Then came the panic of 1907, and there were some economic critics, though perhaps not many, who ascribed the financial and industrial breakdown to the intolerable burden of the cost of living.

It had been the rule of past financial crises that in the industrial readjustment following them prices of necessities not only went down, but for years remained at a lower level. Taking the *Economist* average at the opening of the several years, the index number fell from 2,121 in 1893 to 1,890 in 1898, and did not reach the higher level again until 1899. It was 2,947 in 1873; it went progressively down until it reached 2,225 at the opening of 1879, and it never got back to the high level of the panic year.

The panic of 1907 brought a result in some respects different. There was, indeed, a sharp and rapid fall. The "index" stood at 2,601 in May, 1907, and it was down to 2,168 in August, 1908. But there the downward movement stopped, only ten months after the actual panic date, and the average began to move up again. At this month's opening, it had reached 2,333—a figure which, though still well below the top notch of 1907, was nevertheless higher than any monthly average attained, until the end of 1905, in the prolonged rise in cost of living which began in 1897.

During the past few weeks, even financial interests have begun to look at the matter with a somewhat different feeling from that displayed in 1906 and 1907. One reason for the different feeling is, that the present movement seems so abnormal that experience is no sure index to results. Another is the fact that along with this rapidly rising cost of living has come another phenomenon, similarly coincident with it in 1906, and directly significant then to Wall Street—evidence of a strain on capital. A third reason lies in the unpleasant remembrances of financiers, of how cost of raw material ate up profits of industry three years ago.

Finally, as a very distinct reminder, came the recent widespread demand by railway and industrial laborers for higher wages to offset the cost of living. Forced to consider the problem as one with a bearing even on financial markets, Wall Street is asking now in some bewilderment, What is the cause of this abnormally quick return to oppressive cost of living? Who or what is responsible for it? What will follow it?

Various answers have been made—the gold output, the Trusts, the tariff, the speculators, obstinacy of producers, habitual extravagance of consumers, exhaustion or depletion of the country's natural resources. Possibly there is some truth in all of them. Whatever else an increasing gold output may do, it certainly increases bank reserves.

Financial.

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Larger bank reserves mean increased facilities for credit, and credit is invariably an important influence in advancing or holding prices of commodities. Yet there is this much to be said, that the world's gold output is certainly not increasing at the pace of such years as 1898 and 1899, or even 1894. It is doubted by many experts if this year's total production will be any larger than that of 1908, and meantime the jacking-up of prices continues as if the increase were enormous.

The Trusts have done their share—notably this year, such smaller combinations as the "Milk Trust." Yet it is

rather curious that the greediest of all the great Trusts of 1906 in the matter of extorting abnormal prices—the copper combination—is this year having troubles of its own in holding even average prices, while the Steel Trust has only lately yielded to demand for reductions. The tariff, notwithstanding President Taft's exoneration of it as an influence, does have a bearing in preventing relief when domestic prices are excessive; but the very figures for cost of living, quoted in this article, are not American, but English.

Operations of speculators have something to do with cost of living, and their success is largely a consequence of easy credit caused by increasing gold supplies in bank reserves. This is not true alone of speculators on the various commodity exchanges—easy credit and the assistance of the banks have gone far towards turning producers, for the time, into speculators in their own commodities, if not into a sort of Trusts. Cotton and grain markets, not to mention real estate, are aware how much the present prices are attributable to the original owner who holds his property off the market until his price is bid. Habitual extravagance may itself result indirectly from successful speculation, or directly from easy credit—the second explanation being reasonable in the case of that very large section of the community which is already living once more beyond its means. As for exhaustion of natural resources, the price of such things as lumber and paper is at least a case in point.

Here is a fair variety of possible and plausible causes. Some of them may cease to operate, or may relax their force of operation, at a certain level. If they do not, Wall Street will probably ask, What next? Recent experience indicates that, if the rise in cost of living does continue at the present pace, we must look for recurrent encroaching on the limit of available capital supplies—since a smaller margin between average income and average expenditure means smaller accumulation—and for recurrent episodes of compulsory readjustment of demand. Such readjustment will be light or severe in character, according to the magnitude of the strain previously imposed on credit.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, F. M. The Simple Single. Concord, N. H., Miss F. M. Abbott. 50 cents.
Allyn, E. G. The Cats' Convention. Cochrane Pub. Co. \$1.62.
Almanach de Gotha: 1910. Lemecke & Buechner.
Bacon, P. V. German Grammar (Adapted from Lange's German Method). Boston: Allyn & Bacon.
Bennett, C. E. First Year Latin. Boston: Allyn & Bacon.
Bourgeois, E. Le Secret des Farnèse. Paris: Librairie Armand Colin.
Brooks, J. G. The Conflict Between Private Monopoly and Good Citizenship. Houghton, Mifflin. 50 cents net.

- Brownlee, R. B., and others. *First Principles of Chemistry*. Boston: Allyn & Bacon.
- Buckham, J. W. *Personality and the Christian Ideal*. Boston: Pilgrim Press. \$1.50 net.
- Chardenal's Complete French Course. New edition, revised and rewritten by M. S. Brooks. Boston: Allyn & Bacon.
- Clarke, H. A. *Longfellow's Country*. Baker & Taylor.
- Colwell, E. *Songs and Sonnets*. F. F. Sherman.
- Commission Plan of Municipal Government. Selected articles compiled by E. C. Robbins. Minneapolis: H. W. Wilson Co.
- Conway, K. E. *The Story of a Beautiful Childhood*. Boston: C. M. Clark Pub. Co.
- Conyngton, M. *How to Help: A Manual of Practical Charity*. Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.
- Copa: *The Hostess of the Inn, a Neglected Classic*. Woodstock, Vt.: Elm Tree Press. \$1.
- Cuppy, W. J. *Maroon Tales*. Chicago: Forbes & Co.
- Devine, E. T. *Social Forces*. Charities Publication Committee. \$1.25.
- Duclaux, M. *The French Procession: A Pageant of Great Writers*. Duffield.
- Edwards, W. S. *On the Mexican Highlands*. Second edition. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. \$1.50.
- Everett, W. *Peace or War (?) : A Vision (pamphlet)*. Boston: W. B. Clarke Co.
- Finlay, J. R. *The Cost of Mining*. McGraw-Hill Book Co.
- Flags, J. H. *Lyrics of New England and Other Poems*. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: Torch Press.
- Guiney, L. I. *Happy Ending: Collected Lyrics*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$3 net.
- Hale, P. L. *Great Portraits: Children*. Boston: Bates & Guild Co. \$1.50.
- Hawaii: *The Sacred Songs of the Hula*. Washington: Government Ptg. Office.
- Heine, H. *Poems translated by F. K. Ball*. Boston: W. B. Clarke Co.
- Henson, H. H. *The Liberty of Prophesying*. Lyman Beecher Lectures del. 1909 before Yale Divinity School. New Haven: Yale Univ. Press. \$1.50.
- Heyny, W. *Modern Lettering, Artistic and Practical*. Wm. T. Comstock.
- Holt, H. *Commercialism and Journalism*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1 net.
- Horton, Robert F. *Great Issues*. Macmillan. \$1.50 net.
- Hubbard, F. C. *Through Library Windows*. Broadway Pub. Co. \$1.25.
- Jenks, T. *Chemistry for Young People*. Stokes Co. \$1.50 net.
- Jessup, H. W. *Law and Practice in the Surrogate's Courts*. Third edition. Banks Law Publishing Co.
- King, A. *The Romance of a Nun*. John E. Kearney.
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